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THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE



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MARCH  
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# BOYS' LIFE



## THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

Volume VI  
No. I

WALTER P. McGUIRE, Editor  
DAN BEARD, Associate Editor  
FREDERIC L. COLVER, Business Manager

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT—In this issue you will find news that will interest every boy. It is that Mr. A. Frederick Collins, a man famous in electric experimentation and skilled in writing about it for boys, will provide for BOYS' LIFE a remarkable series of ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES ON "EXPERIMENTING IN ELECTRICITY." See page 30. Watch for the first article, in the April BOYS' LIFE.

Published by the Boy Scouts of America

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# Black Water Dave

A Story of the Great Cypress Swamp

By ARTHUR A. ALLEN

Illustrated by NORMAN P. ROCKWELL.

"I TELL you there's a fortune in it for you, man." It was Percy Hibbs, the agent for a firm of New York milliners, speaking to Mose Scanlon, the store keeper of the little town of Decatur, in the northwest corner of Florida.

"There are thousands of those white herons over in the big swamp and we'll give you a dollar apiece for their plumes. They are going to enforce the law about them before long, and it will be as much as your life is worth to shoot them, and we want to get as many as we can now while the getting is good. You start an agency here, get the boys interested, and the first thing you know you're a rich man."

"Well," replied Mose, "I ain't never been much on hunting, but I s'pose I might get some of the boys interested."

"That's it," continued Hibbs, "It'll be a cinch for you. Now, put it in your pipe and I'll be back in a month to take all the plumes you've got. Are you on?"

Mose Scanlon was the sort of a man who, when he sees the glint of a dollar, is not long in making up his mind. Half a dozen ways of getting the egret herons immediately flashed through his head, and, as he watched the agent leaving the store, he pictured the dollars rolling into his pockets.

"If only I can get hold of Dave Thompson," he said to himself, "I can just sit back and watch myself get rich. Fifty cents apiece will make his eyes stick out."

He knew that if he could get Dave interested, he could depend upon him for, although Dave was but sixteen years old, he knew more about the big swamp than any one except his father; knew more about the ways of its birds and animals, and particularly the herons, than any one, his father not excepted. Furthermore, he was undoubtedly the best shot in the whole county.

Dave's father had

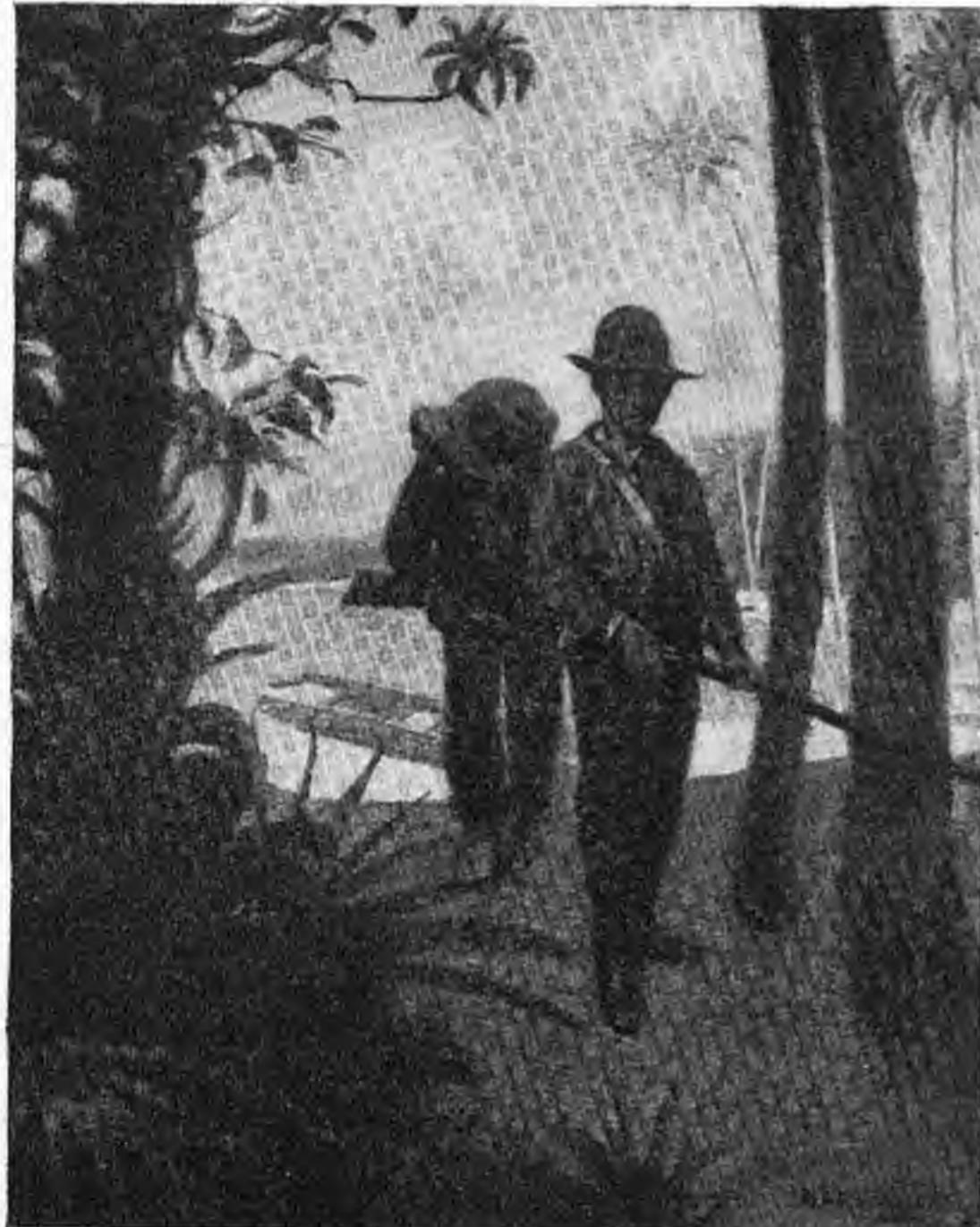
been of a rather queer sort; he spent most of his time hunting and fishing and did just this love of hunting and trapping in his enough work to keep his small family in blood, and with all the woodcraft he had learned in the swamp from his earlier years, he managed to earn enough from his alligator skins in summer, and his otter, bear, and coon skins in winter, to keep himself in school.

"Bug," the boys called him, because of his queer taste for natural history, or "Black Water Dave," from the place of his birth, and if he had been a smaller boy, or a duller boy, or a poorer shot with a rifle; if he had not been able to outrun, outride, and outswim any boy in town, they might have made fun of him and smiled derisively among themselves.

But the truth was, they all looked up to Dave and even those who were older than he secretly envied his strength and imitated his way of doing things. They

all knew about the fifteen - foot alligator which he had killed with a single shot from his rifle, when it mysteriously appeared in their swimming-hole. They all knew about his twenty-mile hike after dark to bring aid to Turpentine Joe, who had broken his leg on Mackey's Island by a fall from a bee gum. And, finally, they all knew that he was a deal quicker than most of them in his figures and that he had aspirations for more "learnin'" than could be obtained in the little schoolhouse at Decatur.

And so, when Mose Scanlon in the village store pictured to himself the dollars rolling into his pockets, he naturally thought of Dave as the logical one to get the herons for him. "Fifty cents apiece will look plenty big enough to Dave," he said to himself. "The summer months are rather dull for trapping, and I suppose the other fifty cents ought to be enough for me so long as I don't have to do any of the work." He chuckled at the thought.



"The spot that Dave had in mind was on the far side of the island."

A WEEK later, on Mackey's Island, in the heart of the great swamp, Mose and Dave were encamped. A second thought had convinced Mose that his profits would be larger if he accompanied Dave, taking advantage of Dave's experience and knowledge of the birds to shoot a large number himself. Lying, Mose said they would divide the commission equally, each to receive twenty-five cents apiece—and he gloated inwardly at the thought of the additional fifty cents that each bird would bring to him.

The trip of some twenty miles in to the island had not been without accident. The first few miles up the Black Water had been comparatively easy, but as soon as they left the river for the smaller lagoons and runways that were to lead them to their destinations, they met with difficulties.

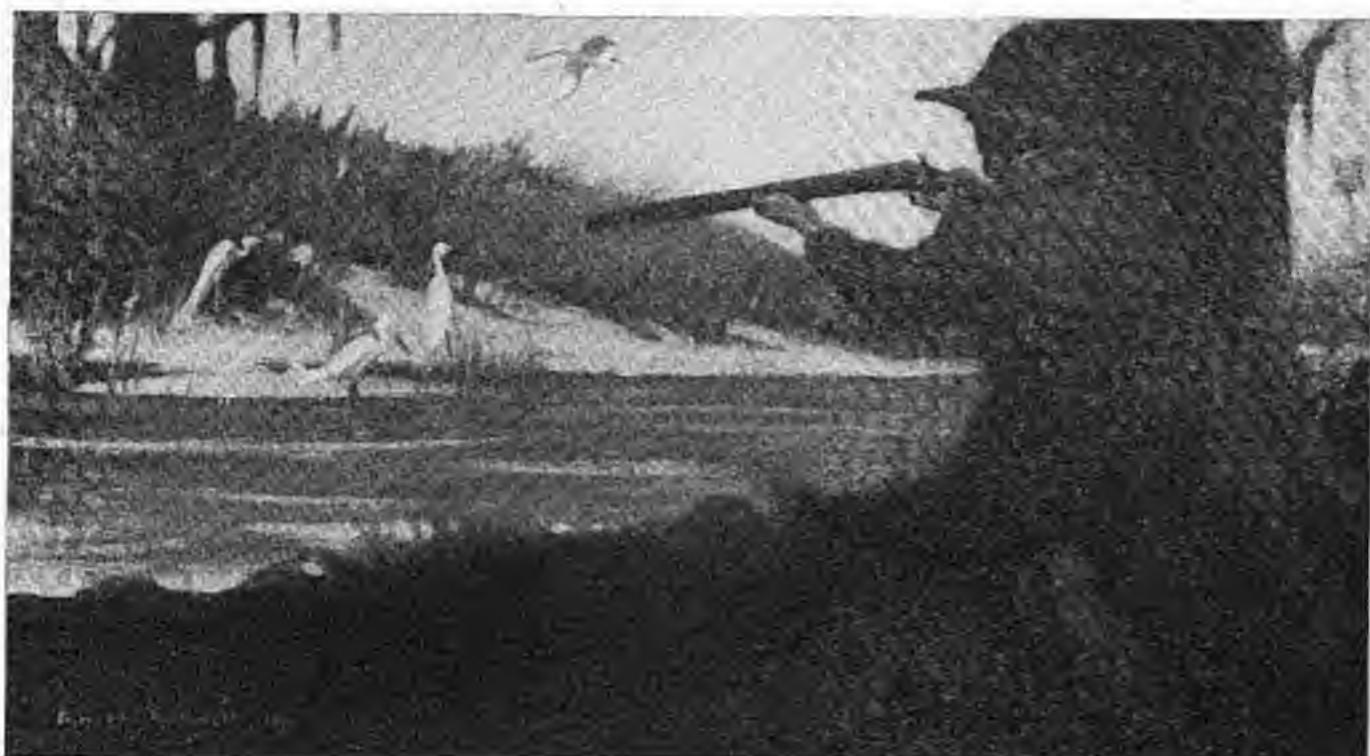
The dry season and unusually low water had left exposed many logs and mud flats which ordinarily were easily crossed in their light, flat-bottomed skiff, but which now meant endless lifting and hauling. In many places the mud was too dry to permit poling across it and yet so soft that were they to step out on to it, they would sink from sight in the black ooze. In other places the climbing briars had so grown across the narrow trail that they had to cut their way through with long knives.

Then they poled through groves of mighty cypress trees, where it would have been impossible for one less experienced than Dave to follow the twistings of the trail; and often they ran onto "cypress knees" in such a way as threatened to upset them. At other times they found easy going through the spatterdocks that filled the long narrow lakes, fringed on either side with the tall trees hoary with the flowing Spanish moss. Then again Dave piloted the boat through the wide "prairies," the name given in the swamp to the large weed-grown lakes dotted with numerous tiny tree-covered islands, where there seemed to be no landmarks whatsoever—and yet they never had to retrace their trail a single foot.

Many times the deadly water moccasons had glided from the vines overhanging the trail, and along the lakes, huge alligators had flopped from the shores where they lay basking in the sun, and disappeared with a splash into the deeper holes. In going round sharp bends in the stream, they had come upon deer grazing on the lilies, or had heard them go splashing off through the undergrowth at the approach of the skiff; and once Dave's quick ear had heard the grunt of an old she bear, disturbed from its meal of early blueberries.

Mose, not accustomed to the life of the swamp, and none too brave anywhere, was alarmed by the moccasons; he could not get used to the alligators, and when Dave had told him that a bear had been feeding on the berries close to the spot which they were passing, he was all for turning back. But Dave never varied from his purpose. He had come out after herons and nothing could deter him.

They had already come upon quite a number feeding along the trail and Dave had surprised Mose by some of his remarkable shots. He had come armed with



*"They were feeding close to the shore. Waiting until all four were on a line, he fired."*

a shot gun, with which Mose had supplied him, but refused to shoot the birds unless they were flying. It was all right, he said, when one was using a rifle, to take an occasional shot while the bird was still, but nobody but a "kid" would use a shot gun that way. And he had more than surprised Mose by dropping them out of the sky when it would never have occurred to him even to try to shoot at them.

Indeed, by the time they had arrived at the islands, they had already shot twenty-five herons, all with fine plumes. And Mose was happy, for even if Dave had shot twenty of them, had not Dave agreed to divide equally? Furthermore, as Mose had done but little of the poling himself, he was scarcely tired, and he had temporarily forgotten about the snakes and alligators.

HEY had come to this island because Dave knew a certain bay on the north side of it where the herons fed in large numbers and over a near-by point they flew in large flocks mornings and evenings on their way to and from their roosts. So camp was pitched and they made ready for the hunts to come.

The spot that Dave had in mind for hunting the herons was on the far side of the island and to get to it they had to leave their boat and cut their way through the thorny undergrowth for more than a mile. Here was a large bay filled with water plants, where frogs and killifish abound, so the herons were here in hundreds. At the end of the bay a long point jutted out, over which the herons had to fly in leaving the bay. Dave stationed himself here and sent Mose around the bay to shoot what he could and frighten the others over the point.

Sneaking from tree to tree, Mose approached within seventy-five feet of a group of four of the egrets that were feeding close to the shore. Waiting until all four were on a line, he fired. One of them dropped dead, but the other three were only wounded and went flapping out toward the middle of the bay far from reach of land. One of them fell into a large open space among the water plants, called an "alligator hole," and sure enough, a huge snout appeared above the water and the lovely bird disappeared. One of the others fell into a tussock of sedges

and the fourth crawled out onto a log.

Alarmed by the unusual sound of the gun, the other egrets had arisen and were circling around and around the bay. Every once in a while one would circle over Dave, and Mose would hear the report of his gun and see the heron tumble from the air stone dead. Sometimes they would circle over Mose, but he had never learned the art of wing shooting, and, try as he would, he could not hit them.

As they continued firing, the egrets became more and more alarmed and circled higher and higher. Finally, Dave tried a shot that was too high; the egret did not drop dead, as usual, for it was only wounded and fell at a wide angle out into the bay. Flopping along the surface of the water, one wing dangling helpless, it came to a floating pile of weeds and crawled out upon it. There it lay gasping for some time. It was too far from shore to kill it with a second shot, so there was but one thing for Dave to do. He could not stand there and do nothing, see it gasping and trying to balance itself with one leg and one wing, and think of leaving it to starve slowly to death. So he threw off his clothes and was just going to plunge in when an alarmed shout from Mose caused him to delay.

"Fool!" came across the water. "Don't you see that alligator? It's twenty feet long if it's an inch."

"Whose afraid of 'gators?" said Dave to himself, and, picking up a long pole, he began beating upon the water, knowing that the noise would frighten every alligator in the bay clear down into the mud. He was really much more afraid of the huge soft-shelled turtles that he knew lay basking just beneath the surface and whose ferocity had more than once driven him from the water. But Dave was no coward, and while he did not mind killing birds and animals in order to make his living, he could not bear to see them suffer. So he plunged into the black water and with rapid strokes swam toward the heron, intent on putting it out of its misery.

"The kid must be crazy," said Mose to himself, "to risk his life for a heron that's worth only twenty-five cents to him. Guess I'd better not say anything about those wounded birds of mine out there in the bay."

Half way across the pond Dave came face to face with a huge water snake coiled upon a floating log, but it was more afraid than Dave and quickly uncoiled itself and vanished beneath the water. Returning to shore with the heron, Dave found Mose with his eyes fairly sticking out of his head, astounded, not only by the fact that Dave had plunged right into the alligator hole without even getting a scratch, but also by the fact that there on a log lay fifteen herons, the result of Dave's shooting, while he, Mose, had but one.

"Well, I'll be hornswazzled!" was all that he could say.

**S**TICKING his head through his shirt as though nothing had happened, Dave looked at Mose who stood bird in hand, still watching him.

"Well, where are your birds? I thought you would have at least a dozen, by the sound of your shooting."

"Bah!" said Mose, "this is no game for me. I'm going to find where they're roosting and get them there. I've wasted more cartridges than the birds are worth."

"You get back there along the bay," commanded Dave. "They will all be back inside of an hour. They can't stay away from this place long."

And it was less than an hour before they were again flying over the point making for the bay. Dave did not shoot yet, knowing that he would probably frighten others from coming in. So he let them pile into the bay, and would have waited longer had not Mose begun shooting on the other side, causing them to get up again and circle around. This time Dave got only twelve, and Mose only two.

Thus they kept on all that day and part of the next. But the herons began to get very wary, and before the end of the second day not a one of them would venture within gunshot. So they decided to find another hunting ground until the birds at this one should calm down.

They started the next day for White Prairie, where Dave could remember having seen a great many of the egrets, together with many other birds, a couple of years before. It was an even more difficult trip than that to Mackey's Island, but toward dusk they could see long files of herons all flying in one general direction, and they knew that they were almost there. Most of these were little blue herons, but there were many flocks of egrets among them, also wood ibises and roseate spoonbills, their rosy plumage blending with the evening sky. Mose again began to picture to himself the dollars, and every line of egrets looked to him like a flock of winged bank-notes.

It was dark before they could get to the prairie, and they had difficulty in finding a place to spend the night. Finally, however, they came to a small thicket in the open water, where the bushes grew so close and were so matted with vines that they would support their weight, and with a little judicious cutting they soon had a fairly solid platform right over the water.

The next morning dawn found them at the edge of White Prairie, and there were herons by hundreds and thousands. Every one of the tiny islands which dotted the whole wide expanse was white with them. A closer inspection showed that the supposed roost was a large nesting colony. Many of the white birds were the young of the little blue herons, but hundreds of others were the egrets, all with the beau-

tiful plumes which they acquire only during the breeding season.

Mose became exuberant with joy. "Why, lad, we'll be millionaires before you know it. I can see a thousand dollars from where I'm sitting, and I do believe we can almost knock them off the nests with clubs." He turned toward Dave and gave him a good-natured prod with the pole. "Hello, what's the matter; are you sick?"

**D**AVE had become silent as they approached the herony. Something within him had begun to tell him that all was not right. When they were on the island he had noticed that some of the herons which they had killed had been so full of fish, right up to the tip of their bills, that they couldn't hold another scale. He had thought to himself what hogs they were, and then it had passed from his mind. But now another thought occurred to him. Perhaps these fish were for their young, and if so what had happened to them when the old birds did not come back? They must be slowly starving to death; the thought burst upon him with all its significance.

There in front of them were hundreds of nests of the herons, each one with four or five hungry mouths which the old birds were doing their best to fill. And Mose Scanlon was proposing to wade in and kill every old bird in the colony. What about the young? Of course they could kill these, too, but somehow that did not appeal to Dave's manhood. No, his mind was made up. They would kill no herons on their nests.

"Cheer up," Mose had said. "What's the matter with you?"

"What's the matter with me is just this," answered Dave. "I've decided to kill no herons on their nests. And, what's more, I'm not going to be a party to any such killing, and so you're not going to kill any of them either, so long as I'm here."

There was a note of defiance in his voice that gave Mose a start. "What's this, you poor ninny, are you nuts? What difference does it make where you kill 'em so long as you get 'em. You're crazy, boy; you're stark mad."

"Guess maybe I was crazy when I went into this here proposition in the first place. I never stopped to think that they would be nesting now and have young that would be left to starve to death. No, I'm done with it. I ought to have known before I shot all those birds over on the island, but it's not too late to stop now, and I'm done with it, I say. Do you hear me, I'm done with it."

There was a seriousness in his voice that caused Mose to know that he meant what he said, and Mose was too shrewd a Scotchman not to know that it would be impossible to force him to do anything that he had made up his mind not to do. Others had tried that sort of a game with him and it had always failed. So he tried to reason with him.

"Why, kid, it can't make any difference whether we kill them here or over on the island. They're the same birds. Look here, there's an empty nest right there; the young don't live long without food, and it's all over in a couple of days. You'll find dead birds in a hundred of these nests already, and there's no reason why the rest of them should be any better off. Come on, now, don't be a sissy and cry over the poor little birdies. They would never weep over you if they could find you rotting in the sun. They would probably clap their bills and sing, if they

could, because you were attracting so many fishes. Come on, be a man; there's a fortune in it for us, boy."

Dave was only sixteen years old and Mose over thirty, but this made no difference to Dave. He knew he was right, and wasn't going to be led on by false reasoning.

"No, sir; if you are such a miserable brute that you can go on killing the old birds and seeing the young starving to death all around you, I suppose I can't stop you, but I'm done with it, and so is my boat. If there are young herons starving here because of the birds I killed over on the island, it was because I didn't know, and now that I do know, they aren't going to starve if I can help it. No, sir! I'll go over this whole prairie and catch frogs for every last one of them that I find starving."

"Come, come, don't be a fool, sissy," was all that Mose could reply.

"No, sir, and you can have the birds that we have already shot; I don't want a thing to do with them. And we are going to get out of this place and do no more killing, but first we are going to feed those starving little helpless birds in the nests."

**N**OW it certainly went against the grain with Mose Scanlon to have a youth of sixteen telling him what he should do and what he should not do. But he was crafty enough to swallow his pride, for he knew that now that he had discovered where the herons were nesting, he could return again at another time by himself, and then he would not have to divide the profits with anyone. Furthermore, if Dave wanted to turn over the entire hundred birds that they had already killed, why a hundred dollars would be rich pay for the few days that they had spent so far. He did not wish to arouse Dave's suspicions, so he quietly acquiesced.

"Well, Dave," he said, "I still think you're a fool, but if you have got to have things your way, I suppose you have. You take me back to the land trail and I'll leave you to your nursery. It can't be more than twenty miles from there to town. Seems to me you made it once after dark, and if that's so, I guess I ought to be able to make it in the day."

"Oh, don't do that," replied Dave, completely taken in by Mose's tone of friendliness. "You help me to catch the birds a good meal, and then we can both go back in the boat. It won't take nearly as long as it did coming in, for the current is with us all the way. Just let's feed the poor things once, and then we'll take 'em back to town with us, where I can take care of them better."

This seemed like a considerable degradation to Mose, to have to catch "pollywogs" for a lot of gaping young birds, but a second thought convinced him that if he stayed and went out of the swamp with Dave in the boat, he would be able to note all the landmarks and be able better to find his way in again. So he consented, and together they went systematically from islet to islet and searched every nest they could reach, to see if the young were being cared for.

In a few of the nests they found eggs that were cold and evidently deserted, and of course they could do nothing for these. In others there were strong, healthy young. But in some of the nests they found young that had cried their last and finally collapsed and were already

(Continued on Page 43)

# When the Unexpected Happened

By IRVING CRUMP

Illustrated by Walt Louderback.

## PART II.

**O**N hobbled the man from Boston, trying desperately to make time; trying mightily to cheat the fire demons that shrieked and roared behind him. And he was not the only one that was fleeing from the seething furnace that once had been a cool autumn woods. Three deer whisked by him like flashes of the fire itself. Rabbits, skunks and foxes darted here and there among the trees, all headed for the safety of the lake. And a big black bear lumbered by, grunting with every gallop. How Dave envied them. They would be safe. Would he?

Forward he hurried, braving excruciating pain in his injured limb to save his life. Acrid smoke blasts swept down upon him and almost stifled him. On every side he could feel the heat of the flames. Once a spark dropped upon his shoulder and fired his shirt. With a cry he beat it out and strove harder.

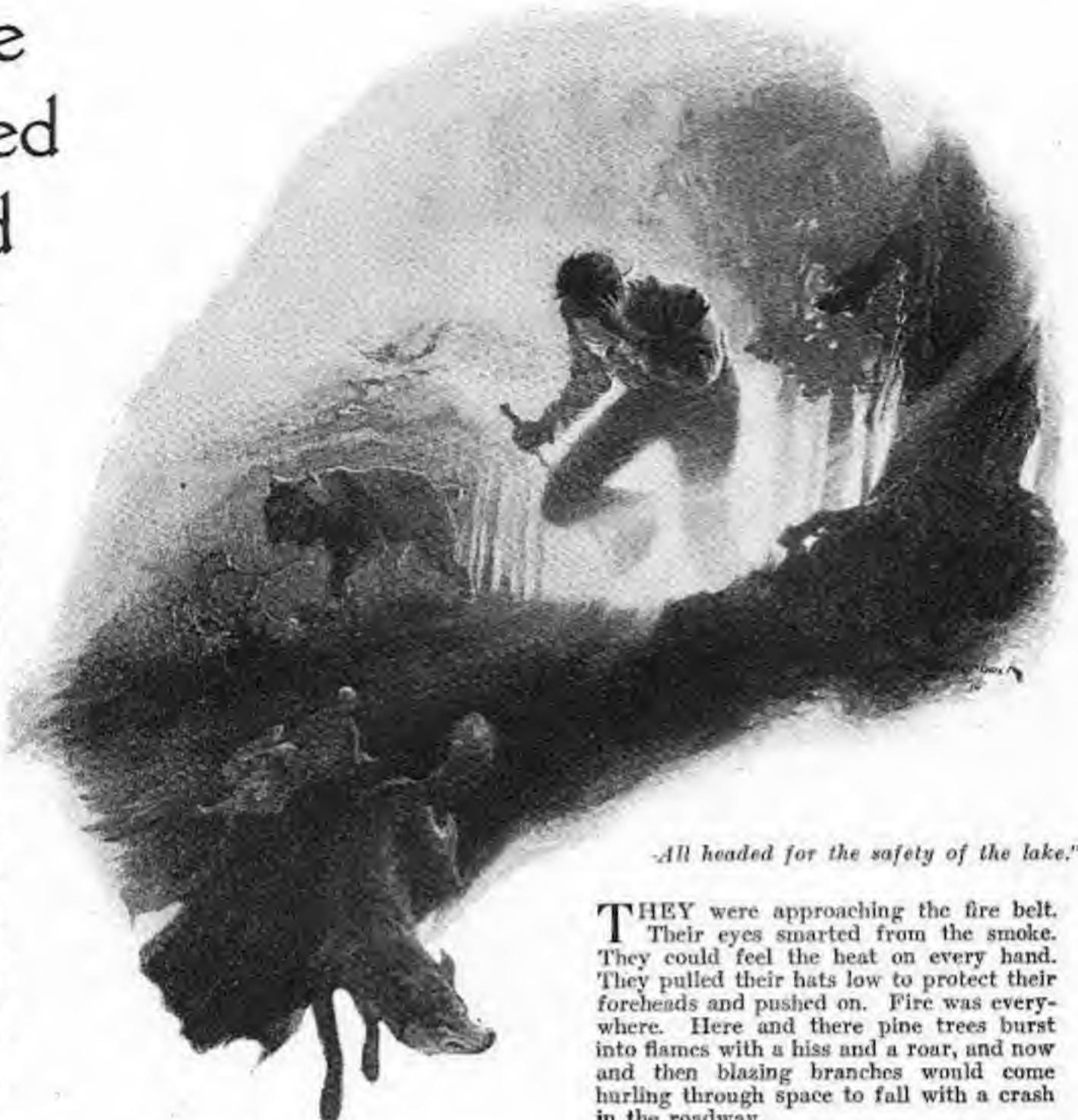
The pain in his foot was unbearable. It made the perspiration stand out upon his forehead. It made him whirl with giddiness. But on he plunged, fighting the fire, the smoke and the pain and striving his hardest to gain the lake.

Once he thought of Jack and Bart and grew very bitter, for somehow the fire seemed the result of their carelessness. Would they be trapped by it? They had two good strong legs. They would save themselves, he hoped. So must he! Gritting his teeth and stifling a groan he tried to gallop using the cane and injured foot in unison. It was painful, but he must make time—he must go fast, faster.

The fire was close behind. It was gaining. He could hear its triumphant roar. It would catch him soon. Only a few minutes and a fiery arm would reach out like a python and wrap about him. The thought made him shudder.

"No! No! It must not reach me!" he cried in horror and leapt forward. But his cane slipped and jammed between his legs. He tripped and lost his balance. In a mad effort to save himself from falling he put his injured foot forward. His entire weight came down upon it and the ankle snapped. The pain was more than he could stand. With a cry of agony he sank into a limp heap.

**B**RUCE'S startling revelation that there was a life to be saved spurred the scouts to action. One more glance in the



*All headed for the safety of the lake."*

direction of the smoke pall to the westward and in a twinkle every lad had his blanket in hand and was soosing it into the lake. Handkerchiefs were doused too, for the youngsters knew well that the smoke would soon be so thick that they would need this kind of protection.

And while the rest were thus occupied, Bruce held a hasty conference with Jiminy, and the two boys quickly cut scout staves. With these in hand they waved the troop forward and started off at a mad pace up the wood road to meet the advancing forest fire.

On they raced, the smoke growing heavier and more pungent as they neared the flames. They could hear the deep-toned muttering of the conflagration. And all the way along the road they were breasting a tide of forest dwellers, deer, rabbit, bears, and a host of smaller animals all scurrying away from the roaring doom behind them.

Soon the lads were in the zone of flying sparks. Here and there along the road small fires were being started. These were quickly beaten out, for the boys were determined not to have their retreat cut off. As they moved forward Bruce's heart grew heavy, for he could see that already the flames had swept by the camping site of Dave Connor and his companions. The patrol leader hoped fervently that the injured youth had been able to keep ahead of the rushing fire.

**T**HEY were approaching the fire belt. Their eyes smarted from the smoke. They could feel the heat on every hand. They pulled their hats low to protect their foreheads and pushed on. Fire was everywhere. Here and there pine trees burst into flames with a hiss and a roar, and now and then blazing branches would come hurling through space to fall with a crash in the roadway.

Bruce began to be worried. Had he brought the scouts out on a dangerous but useless mission? Had Dave Connor come down the wood road, or had he gone wandering blindly through the forest to be trapped and burned to death? Perhaps even now he was a charred mass somewhere back there in that seething forest. The smoke was so thick that the boys could not see two feet ahead of them, but they struggled forward, beating out menacing tongues of flames on every hand, hoping to keep the roadway open for a retreat.

Through the smoke they groped; bending low and breathing through their wet handkerchiefs. Their eyes burned. Their lungs pained with the gases they had inhaled, but they pushed on until suddenly with a cry Bruce stumbled and pitched forward.

But he was on his feet in an instant, and examining the apparently lifeless mass in the roadway that had tripped him. Then with a shout of delight, he summoned Jiminy and in an instant a coat stretcher was made with the aid of the scout staves they had cut. Then with the limp form of Dave Connor between them the two scouts started struggling back toward the lake. Away from the fire they raced with the troop behind them still beating out the menacing sparks and flames.

Forward they hurried, but as they advanced this time their way grew easier and the smoke less pungent. Soon they were

(Continued on Page 23)



"He had run but a few paces when his foot caught and he fell full length."

#### CHAPTER IX

##### The Exploring Trip in the Jungle

THE patrol made an early start the next morning, leaving camp soon after sunrise. Crossing a low ridge, they followed the sandy beach, covered thinly here with cocoanut and other palms growing down almost to the water. Their leaves were still wet with the heavy tropical dew. Here and there the explorers startled bright-plumaged parakeets, which rose from the trees with harsh, screaming cries. White cockatoos with yellow crests were also conspicuous among the green palms.

As they went on the growth became thicker, and among the straight slender palms other large trees of different varieties began to appear. These increased until they formed a dense forest extending down to the shore, their boughs, clothed with creepers and orchids, overhanging the beach. In one place Fred attempted to push aside some creepers, or lianas, as the Doctor called them, with his rifle and nearly had an accident, for the trigger caught and the gun was discharged. Fortunately it was pointed into the air and did no harm.

"Just such an accident as that killed a young explorer in Borneo a number of years ago," said Dr. Cameron. Fred took warning and did not try to use his gun again for that purpose.

long, and the strange and beautiful tree ferns which were a continual delight to the boys. Some of these bore spreading fronds on slender stems six or eight feet high. Rod said these great ferns made him feel as if he had suddenly been put down in giant land. He could understand now how a beetle might feel in an ordinary fern bed.

THE tide was rising and they were soon obliged to leave the narrow stretch of sandy beach and strike through the forest.

"Look up there, father; what beautiful birds!" exclaimed Bobby.

"Those are lorries," his father answered. "They belong, as you can see from their appearance, to the same class as parrots."

They paused for a few minutes to watch these handsome red birds, with green wings and a yellow spot on the back, as they fluttered among the foliage. Parrots of green shaded into azure blue on the crown of the head and with red bills were also seen. Once they startled a flock of large green birds with straight, bristly bills and heads and necks variegated with patches of vivid blue and crimson. These, the scoutmaster said, were barbets. They had been feeding on the half-ripe fruit of a clump of palm trees.

The boys remarked on the fact that, though many of the trees were in flower, most of the blossoms were inconspicuous ones.

# The Boy Scout Crusoes

By EDWIN C. BURRITT

Illustrated by WALT LAUDERBACK

**How the Boy Scout Crusoes Began—** DR. CAMERON, a scientist, takes his patrol of scouts with him on an expedition in the South Pacific. They leave their ship, the *Flying Fish*, to explore an island. A terrific storm comes up and they are forced to spend the night ashore. In the morning no trace of the *Flying Fish* can be seen, and the party finds itself marooned with only a meager supply of equipment and provisions. They find coconuts, which provide food for immediate needs. Then they build a cabin of bamboo—a house of three walls, with the side to the sea left open. The food gets monotonous, the mosquitoes are bad, especially at night, and a little rebellion breaks out, but the boys forget their slight troubles when the scoutmaster plans an exploration trip into the wilderness whose edge alone they had seen.

The boys were disappointed in the orchids, most of the flowers being small and insignificant. Dr. Cameron explained that this was the case with the majority of orchids, which were curious rather than beautiful, the large, handsome kinds being rare.

Here they saw also many ferns, the usual stemless ones of all sizes from a few inches in height to great fronds six or seven feet

"It seems to be the birds, not the flowers, that are bright-colored in this part of the world," said Karl.

"That is almost always true of tropical forests," Dr. Cameron answered. "There are some magnificent flowers, of course, but they are not plentiful and the lack of bright color would make the woods gloomy and monotonous if it were not for the birds."

There was considerable undergrowth here and it was hard going. The ground was covered several inches deep with dead leaves, for tropical trees do not shed their leaves all at once, but in small installments the year around, new ones taking their places. The soft clay soil and its thick covering were still wet from the hard rains, and the boys' feet sank into the slippery, sticky mass.

SUDDENLY, as they were making their way through a particularly thick bit of undergrowth, they heard a loud, booming sound ahead of them. They stopped in surprise and some fear, and Rod and Karl exchanged glances, for it was the same noise they heard when left alone in camp two days before.

"It's a wild beast," exclaimed Bobby.

"Let's see if we can find out what it is," his father answered. "I think I know, but I may possibly be mistaken. I'll go ahead with my gun and Fred may come next with his."

They made their way cautiously and a little fearfully in the direction of the sound, which continued almost incessantly.

Presently the scoutmaster called back reassuredly: "It's all right, boys. Come and see your wild beasts. They won't hurt you."

Following his lead they came to a more open space in the woods, where stood a number of great palms, scattered thinly about. From these trees came the booming, roaring notes. The lads gazed in surprise, for there was nothing alive in sight except a flock of great, green pigeons feeding on the fruit of the palms.

"Fruit pigeons," exclaimed Karl. "I've read about the racket they make, but I didn't know it was as bad as that."

"You don't mean to tell me that those

birds do all of that roaring," said Rod. "Watch and you'll see," laughed his father. "I thought it was pigeons, but wasn't quite sure, so it was best to be cautious."

"But the pigeons we saw the other day didn't have such voices as these," Dick remarked.

"No, they were a different kind. These are Great Green Pigeons. I am going to see if I can shoot some of the birds for our dinner."

His shots brought down two which he placed in his knapsack and then the explorers continued on their way.

A little distance beyond they came out in sight of the ocean again. Here the trees did not grow down to the shore, but a stretch of reedy grass extended almost to the water's edge, the tide being now high. Through this grass, which was four or five feet tall, coarse, and with edges that cut like knives, they traveled for some distance, the ocean on the left hand and the forest on the right. The grass scratched and cut their hands and even the faces of the shorter members of the party. They went carefully for fear of snakes which might be lurking there. The sun was very hot and they were wet with perspiration, but a breeze from the sea kept it from being unbearable.

Dr. Cameron, with Bobby by his side, was ahead, with Fred a few paces behind and the others a little distance in the rear, when Fred noticed a movement among the grass and scattered trees at the right. He turned and went cautiously in that direction. The grass moved and rustled as if some large animal were moving through it, but he could not get a glimpse of the creature. Presently it uttered a peculiar, grunting sound.

"A wild pig," thought Fred. "Here's a chance for some meat."

## CHAPTER X

### *Wild Pigs and More to Eat*

Raising his rifle, he fired at the moving grass. Instantly the beast turned and rushed towards him.

Fred's little rifle was not a repeater and there was no time to reload. There was nothing to do but run. He made off as fast as he could, catching a glimpse as he turned of the ugly, tusked head of the animal behind him. He had run but a few paces when his foot caught and he fell full length. Before he could recover himself he heard a shot and then another in quick succession. By the time he was on his feet again, the scoutmaster was calling to him.

"It's all right. I've killed it."

The excited boys gathered around the dead animal. It was a strange looking beast, in general appearance like a hog, but with long, slender legs, and tusks projecting above the snout, the upper ones so strongly curved back that they nearly touched the forehead.

"What a queer looking pig," said Roderick.

"It is a wild pig or baribussa," his father answered. "It is like a pig in most respects, although it doesn't dig with its snout, but its long legs and swiftness of foot have won for it the name of deer as well. It's lucky I hit it with the first shot, for the baribussa is strong and fierce, as well as swift, and might have hurt Fred badly if it had reached him. After this

don't fire until you see what you are aiming at," he added to the rather crestfallen patrol leader.

The body of the pig-deer was tied about with a strong creeper and fastened to a pole and the boys took turns, two by two, carrying it.

A little farther on they caught sight of a troop of small, jet-black monkeys in a group of palm trees. They set up a lively chatter as the party approached.

"I thought monkeys always had long tails," said Dick. "These fellows haven't any."

"They are short-tailed monkeys," answered the Doctor, "a species different from the long-tailed kind you have seen. Queer-looking little fellows, aren't they?"

They were queer-looking indeed, jet-black in color and not larger than spaniels, and more like baboons than monkeys in appearance, with their projecting, dog-like muzzles, overhanging brows and short, fleshy tails scarcely an inch long. When the party stood still some of the inquisitive little animals came so close that it was possible to get a good look at them.

As they continued the ground grew lower and more swampy. Ahead of them was a grove of beautiful palms growing quite down to the shore. The scoutmaster exclaimed with satisfaction when he saw these handsome trees.

"No danger of starving on this island, boys," he said. "These are Sago Palms."

"I've read," said Karl, gazing up at the trees with interest, "that the natives of some of these islands just about live on sago. But isn't it a good deal of a process to prepare it?"

"Yes," answered the Doctor, "but if the natives can do it with their rude appliances, we can also. I saw them make sago when I was in this part of the world a

number of years ago and think I can remember how it is done."

"What part of the tree is it that you eat?" asked Dick. "I don't know anything about sago."

"It is made from the pith, which is pounded and washed, and dried into a sort of meal, and cakes made of it. That is the way the natives use it. It is pearled or made into little grains for exportation to Europe and America."

"Do these trees die after flowering, like the gubbong palms?" queried Karl, noticing that some of them bore long spikes of blossoms, but that there were several that appeared to be quite brown and dead, though still standing.

"Yes," the scoutmaster answered, "flowering takes the life out of them. The sago is made from trees that have not blossomed."

"Isn't it almost noon?" said Dick, as they passed through the grove. "I'm nearly starved."

"It's a quarter to twelve," the Doctor replied, "but we don't want to stop for lunch here. There is higher ground ahead where we can be more comfortable."

Beyond the sage grove the ground began to rise and the shore became rocky and steep. They mounted a long, gradual slope covered with shorter and finer grass and scattered trees. At some little distance to their right was the thick forest, while at their left they could hear the ocean swells breaking on the rocks. The gradual slope was broken at intervals by a few feet of steeper rise, in some places rather difficult to scramble up. Finally, after a last steep slope perhaps fifty feet long, they found themselves on a level plateau several hundred feet in extent. It was open ground except for occasional clumps of palms, principally cocoanut. This open space was bounded on the right by the forest, which was also stretched across in front of them clear to the cliff's edge, a thick wall of trees and underbrush entirely cutting off their view ahead.

They were all tired and very hot, so they decided to stop here and eat, and rest for a couple of hours. They were very sure they could go back to the bay in a much shorter time than it had taken them to come. So a fire was built and the rubber blankets spread on the ground in the shade of a clump of palms. Dick climbed up and dropped down a good supply of cocoanuts, while Fred broiled the pigeons and some slices of the pig-deer. They had brought salt with them and were hungry enough to do full justice to a hearty meal. The meat, in spite of the fact that it was rather tough and strong-flavored, tasted especially good, it had been so long since they had had any.

"If we only had some bread and butter to go with this it wouldn't be half bad," said Dick.

"We'll have sago cakes with grated cocoanut on them some one of these days," the Doctor answered.

"What I'd like is a chance to drink as much water as I want," Roderick exclaimed. "There's so little in a cocoanut. I want gallons."

"I'm disappointed that we haven't found a stream," said his father. "We may find one yet, of course, but not to-day, I am afraid."

(Continued on Page 46)



"Pushing his way forward through the thick tangle."

# The Pirate Pie

Being the Story of the Organization of the "Black Rovers"  
and Fatty's Initiation

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Illustrated by F. RIGNEY



"We all dipped a match in the ink  
and signed the oath"

THE ideer for the Black Rovers come himself be put through a threshing machine for something to eat. To me while I was trying to think up some way to keep Smitty Henderson and his gang from slamming me all they wanted to.

Thinks I, why can't John Nelson, the Boy Scout, and I, and Grunter Perkins, to stay at home on account of his aunt, and Fatty Masters and little Runty Brown Miss Sally Stagg, being sick. Some ways make up a society to protect ourselves? Then I thought we might make it into smart as a mustard plaster, but he has got a secret band of pirates and have some ideers about not picking too much on another feller. What he thinks is most al-

The Scoot, as Smitty calls him, was ways right, but sometimes it's awful inconvenient. That made it all right, for the

Scoot is able to take care of himself but the rest of us ain't always. We needed him. We talked it over one day out in our barn, after school. Everybody said the name, Black Rovers, was fine, but what more was there to it?

"We'll have to initiate some of us," I told them, "and hold secret meetings, and every time Smitty and his gang starts something we'll plan how to get ahead of them and make the worm turn, as Pa would say."

"What's initiate?" Fatty asked me. "You'll find out before long," I said. "It's when you take in a new member. New members have to be blindfolded and swear the pirate oath and sign their names in blood."

"Whose blood?" Fatty wanted to know. I saw right off there was going to be draw-backs.

"I want to be a pirate, but I ain't going to swear for nobody!" piped up Runty.

Then I had to go to work and explain how a pirate oath ain't swearing such as you hear around the postoffice steps, and by the time I got through Grunter Perkins and the Scoot had been doing some thinking.

"I'll be one of the charter members," Nelson said, and he meant it. "I'll help initiate the rest."

"Me, too," said Grunter. "I don't know what a charter member is, but I'm one, if they don't have to get initiated."

I figured Runty couldn't stand a real good initiation, and so there was only Fatty left. He hollered like a sick calf when we told him he'd have to get initiated alone. The only way I could bring him around was to agree to get Ma to bake some turnovers and give them to him afterwards. Fat would let

THAT was Friday. Saturday afternoon we met in the barn for the initiation. The Scoot sent word he had Miss Sally Stagg, being sick. Some ways that was bad, and some good. Nelson is then I thought we might make it into smart as a mustard plaster, but he has got a secret band of pirates and have some ideers about not picking too much on another feller. What he thinks is most al-

Right off Fatty wanted me to promise he wouldn't get hurt any at all. "If you'll promise, I'll feel safer, Bunk Carson," he told me. "For you're a min-

ister's son, and you got to live up to what

"In the first place," I said, "a pirate ain't afraid of being hurt, and in the second place, it isn't safe to promise. Come on and take a look at them apple turnovers Ma baked for you."

I had the turnovers hid in the manger of the stall next to Old Ginger, Pa's horse. Fat took one sniff and said to go ahead and initiate, he could stand it.

Grunter and Runty and I had some

burnt cork to make mustaches for us, and

a bottle of Pa's red ink for blood. I had

drawn up the oath, which was like this:

THE BLACK ROVERS OF CARTERSVILLE HEREBY PROMISE TO STICK TOGETHER, WHATEVER HAPPENS, AND TO HELP EACH OTHER AGAINST SMITTY HENDERSON AND HIS GANG.

TRAPPERS WILL BE HUNG AT THE YARD ARM.  
BOOTY, LIKE PIES AND APPLES AND SUCH, TO BE DIVIDED UP.  
ALL CAPTIVES THAT DON'T WALK THE PLANK ARE HELD FOR RANSOM.  
SIGNED IN BLOOD.

Grunter and Runty said they was a good deal they didn't understand, but they liked the way it sounded. So we all dipped a match in the ink and signed the oath. Then we blindfolded Fatty and started in on him.

It was sort of tame, after all. We made him walk the plank off the big haymow onto the little haymow, but he just grunted and said it didn't joggle him up much. Then we put some sugar on his face and let Ginger lick it off. Fat said it tickled and felt kind of good. After that we laid him over a barrel and wallop him with a bed slat, but what can you do with a fat boy? It would of been a mighty tame initiation if I hadn't had what Pa would call inspiration. I hadn't planned it out beforehand—I want to say that much for myself.

WE had just laid Fatty out on his back and I was putting the burnt cork mustache on him to make him a regular pirate when I thought how more evener it would look if I blacked his face all over. I done it all but where the blindfold went across his eyes, and he looked pretty good—black and shiny, like the darky boy that had been with the medicine show in the town hall the week before. Then Grunter made signs to black Fat's hands, and I did that, too. I kind of got to thinking about the different color of folks, and how some folks had red hair and some black, and that give me another ideer. I whispered to Grunter and Runty to set on Fat a while and then I went into the house.

Ma said she was going to dye carpet rags on Saturday, and sure enough there was a big kettle of a kind of bright orange dye on the stove. So I took some in the dipper and went out to the barn. The dye was boil-



"He didn't even look like an animal in a circus any more"

ing hot, but I figured it would soon cool out of sight and I supposed off, because it was a pretty cold day.

There is an old buffalo robe out in our barn that is all wore out, and was left there by the minister that lived in our house before we did. But there are some pieces in it that are just as good as ever. So I took out my knife and cut out a piece where the buffalo's neck used to be, where the hair is long and thick. Then I made this into a kind of wig and tied it onto Fatty's head, and he looked so wild he almost scared us. By this time the dye was cool, so we dipped Fatty's head in it clear up to his ears.

You'd been surprised to see how that dye took to the buffalo hair. I guess it must be a lot like carpet rags—it dyed so good. Black and orange are colors that look well together, but they never were intended for humans, and when we got done you would of thought Fat Masters was something out of one of those big red wagons where they keep the fiercest animals in a circus.

Of course he didn't know what we was doing, and anyway his mind was on the pie. That was the first thing he asked for when we took the blindfold off. For a minute I just stood and looked at him, kind of dumbfounded. If he'd looked funny with the blindfold on, he looked unhuman with it off, for there was a streak across his eyes and nose that wasn't blacked at all. He didn't even look like an animal in a circus any more. He looked like something out of a bad dream. Honest, he almost scared me.

"You stood the initiation like a good feller," I told him, "and you're going to have the pie right off. But you're all fixed up for a pirate now, and maybe first you'd like to look at yourself in a looking glass."

He said he would, but hurry on account of the pie. So I tied a red sash around him and give him the sword and went and got an old piece of mirror from my treasure-box.

**T**HERE was just about time for the clock to tick once while Fatty looked at himself. Then he give a yell that I wouldn't of believed could of come out of a human critter, and I jumped for the door. Fatty had scared himself crazy.

By the time Grunter Perkins and Fatty and me got into the street Fat was running for home, and at every jump he let out a yell that sounded something like this:

"Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!"

Of course it stirred folks up considerable to see a thing like that loose in a peaceful community. Aunt Arabella Greenfield was just coming out of the postoffice, which is in Lawton's store. She set down in a snow-bank and pulled her cape over her head. I didn't blame her a bit. Deacon Ellery Hodgkins climbed up on Jones' gate post and said "Scat!"

Then Fatty went down the street and

out of sight and I supposed things would quiet down. But things has a way of not doing what you expect. They got worse instead of better. Folks began to come out in the street and stand around and holler and wave their arms. Then Mrs. Masters, Fatty's ma, showed up bare-headed, with her apron flying, and said a wild dwarf was on fire and had hid itself in her barn. She said her little Henry—that's Fatty—was out playing somewhere, and what should she do?

Well, Gramp Hawkins got out his musket that he had in the Civil War, and Pa come from somewhere and everybody listened to him on account of his being the minister.

"It would be well to organize an armed posse," said Pa, "and surround the place where this—creature has hidden itself. Call upon it to surrender, and, if it does not, take sterner measures."

"It's that Hottentot darky boy they had in the medicine show that was here," said Aunt Arabella Greenfield. "It tried to bite me when it went past, and I guess I know. If you want to know what I think, I think it's got the hydrophobia!"

**T**HAT set everybody off their heads, and pretty soon they was as much as twenty-five men with rifles and pitchforks, and quite a passel of women in the background, and oodles of fellers running around, and lots of dogs. Bimeby Smitty Henderson's Pa, the blacksmith, and my Pa, and Gramp Hawkins took the lead, and they all started for the Masters' place, with Mrs. Masters talking about her little lost Henry and how he must of been eat up by the Hottentot darky.

By the time they got the barn surrounded somebody said maybe the animal had got away, but Mrs. Masters said



"He was climbing in with his legs waggling out behind like a couple of tails"

no, because the big barn door was shut. She knew it had eat her Henry and come back to its crime to hide itself. Gramp Hawkins offered to go up and peek in the barn window. He said he had fit the South, and he wan't afraid of Hottentots with the hydrophobia. He waded up through the snow careful and peeked in.

"By tunket, it's in there!" he yelled back to the rest. "It's under the buggy, making a noise like a lost sheep!"

"Look out, Brother Hawkins!" Pa said, to warn him, "hydrophobia is a well-nigh fatal disease!"

**B**UT Gramp didn't answer. He had opened the window and was climbing in with his legs waggling out behind like a couple of tails. Things was awful still for a minute, and then there was a yell and a squawk and quite a lot of language that didn't sound like Gramp was such a good member of Pa's church, as he is most of the time.

"Forward, men!" said Pa, and he started toward the door with a lot of others behind him. Just then the door slid back, and they all stopped dead still. There was Gramp Hawkins holding up Fatty by his pants and, honest, when I got another good look at his face, I didn't wonder Mrs. Master didn't know him. The tears had streaked up that burnt cork until he was like a zebra in the face, with a sunset on top of it.

"I've captured it," said Gramp. "I don't need no help!"

"Them's my little Henry's pants!" yells his Ma. "I thought he had eat Henry up, and now I know it! He's eat my poor boy and stole his pants!"

"Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!" yells Fat.

"He's gone and took my Henry's voice, too!" I guess Mrs. Masters was a little mite upset by the way she talked.

"All the rest of your Henry is here, ma'am, besides his pants and voice," Gramp tells her, setting Fat upon his feet. "But I don't know as I blame you for not knowing him."

That was the second time in about five minutes that you could of heard a pin drop.

Then Mrs. Masters grabbed her Henry and began to look him over. Soon as she found he was all right she cuffed him.

"What is the meaning of this foolishness?" she asked him.

"I'm a pirate, Ma," Fat tells her, kind of snivelling. "I belong to the Black Rovers, and I want the three apple turnovers he promised me!"

"Out of his head, poor child!" said Mrs. Deacon Hodgkins. "Clean out of his head!"

But Fat had pointed at me, and Pa got his hand on my collar just as I was starting to go away. Most of the men folks had snorted and laughed and said they knew it was all blamed foolishness from the first, and gone off home to put up their guns and pitchforks. But Pa hadn't, which is always my luck.

"Mrs. Masters," he told her, "perhaps your son is not to blame for his condition. Experience leads me to believe that after

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"There was Gramp Hawkins holding up Fatty by his pants"



Dr. Jordan, Their Great,  
Good Friend

## The Sea Bears of the Pribilof Islands

(Illustrating Dr.  
Jordan's Article)



A Near View of the Seals



Sea Bear Families on Tolstoi Head



Kotik and His Brothers on the Sands of Tolstoi  
Courtesy Popular Science Monthly.



Sikatch

# A Visit to a Happy Family

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

Chancellor Leland Stanford Junior University

ONE day I walked across the meadows which separate the Salt Lagoon from Tolstoi Head, where the great waves break upon the black rocks. This was away to the north of the Mist Islands, the one they call St. Paul of the Pribilof. It was a clear day, and in the far north the sun goes round and round in the summer, barely setting for two or three hours at night. Being a clear day, it was warm and the bees were busy humming in the flowers which bloom all at once in the Mist Islands of Bering Sea.

And so, when I came to the edge of the cliff they call Tolstoi, the strong one, it is so big and black, I found the whole family asleep. They lived at Tolstoi in the summer time, while in the winter they roamed the great seas.

OLD Sikatch leaned against the rock with his nose in the air. He was as big as a small horse. He weighed almost half a ton. His hair was black, all except a mane of long bristles, which were yellowish white, and instead of feet he had four long, broad flippers, like rubbers a good deal too big for him. He was built like a grizzly bear, and was like a bear in eyes and mouth and teeth, but his flippers gave him away.

Anybody could see that he didn't belong on land, but that he was in reality an old man of the sea. By this time any boy can see that Sikatch wasn't a man at all, but a sea bear—the kind they call in the Pacific Ocean a fur seal. But he is not a real seal, although people called him so. Old Sikatch's fur isn't good for anything. It is coarse and bristly, like the fur of a black pig.

But he is a beach-master, lord of his home. He can fight and would shake a man, if he could catch him, like a dog shakes a rat. But he can never catch a man, because he dare not leave his home, where he has fifty wives to look after, and each wife has a hungry black puppy who is always calling for attention, bleating like a lamb while his mother bleats like a sheep.

But old Sikatch does not bleat at all. He roars, and blows out his breath in a white, musk-scented cloud. And when he has roared a few times, he thinks that he ought to roar some more, and afterwards a little more to warn off the other male sea bears, and to keep his wives and children in proper discipline. These pay no attention to him but go on bleating, and the wives look at Sikatch only when they are hungry and want to go off to catch some fish for dinner in the sea. Then they bite him in the neck and finally he lets them go.

And so Sikatch slept by the rock on Tolstoi, with his nose in the air.

MATKA, his first wife, I had known for some time. She lay there, lazily

comfortable, on her back among the stones, her flippered arms spread wide apart and her white throat showing like velvet. She wore a fine sealskin coat, with no long bristles, and she was barely a fifth as large as Sikatch, for she didn't have to fight as he did for a place among the rocks.

Little Kotik, the baby, was as black as a coal and as plump as a football. He, too, lay among the rocks with outstretched limbs, for I told you that it was a warm day, the middle of August, in the land where the sun shines almost all summer and stays away almost all winter.

I STEPPED over the cliff at Tolstoi. "O, Matka," I said, "let me look at your little boy."

Matka woke with a start and brushed her throat nervously with her hands which were hidden in her long flippers.

"Oh, yes," said she, "but I must first run down to the sea and wash my face."

So she started to run down the rocks to wet her face in the sea. This she always did when she was not sure just what to do. In the sea she felt at home, where nobody could get her at an advantage.

But Kotik didn't like my looks, and he didn't care who knew it.

"No," he said, "you can't look at me. Go away and let me alone. I don't like you and I will bite you if you don't go, and so will Sikatch, my father, and he will groan and shake his head, and blow out his breath in a white cloud. And he will roar and roar again and then he will bite you, and so will I. Let me alone," said Kotik.

So Matka started down for the sea. But Sikatch was unhappy and didn't want her to go. So she bit him in the neck again with her sharp teeth. And he groaned again over all the troubles of life, and one could have heard him all over Tolstoi and across the bay to Zapadni, only there were ten thousand other fathers all groaning and roaring at the same time, and there wasn't much difference between a roar and a groan except that the groan came last. When he roared he leaned back against the rock and opened his mouth wide while the tears rolled out of his eyes. But when he came to groan he looked downward, and shook his head four times while the tears flowed again.

But Matka insisted that she must wash her face before seeing anybody. So she bit him in the throat again and tried to run away. But Sikatch said, "They call me beach-master, and I must have my way."

So he seized her by the nape of the neck as though she were a kitten and flung her over his shoulder back to her place.

"Look at me," he said. "I have sat



here ever since June, I never wash my face, I never eat, I never drink, I waste no time in frivolity. I roar and I groan, I blow out my breath and shed tears, I take care of my family and I keep all the other beach-masters away. If you run away some of them will get you. You stay here."

Matka slipped behind the rocks and sat very still, looking at Sikatch with eyes full of admiration.

THEN Sikatch remembered me and he groaned and shook his head some more.

"O, go away," he said, "you will break up my household. Don't you see how hard it is to keep order? And without order, how could all these thousands of families live together all summer on Tolstoi?"

He roared, and roared some more and groaned, and with tears in his eyes blew out his musk-scented breath.

And little Kotik climbed on the rock and roared in a little high-keyed voice which sounded like a lamb's bleat. And he shook his black head and showed his sharp little teeth, "Go away and don't trouble us. It is all we can do to manage Matka, and we don't want you here anyhow."

Then Polsi, who was Matka's brother, only five years old, too young to go into society, looked me over from the rocks above and began to laugh. Sikatch snorted at him and he ran away as fast as his long, flat feet would carry him, bumping his nose against the rocks till he splashed into the sea.

Matka had her own ideas and meant to wash her face all the time. But she sat quite still, craning her neck and looking at me with sleepy, curious eyes.

"O, go away," roared Sikatch, then groaned. "Don't you see how heavy are my responsibilities?"

He began to pant, for it was hot on Tolstoi, and he was stout and scant of breath, and he groaned again and wept as he thought of all the cares that life had brought him.

Then Kotik saw that no one noticed him. So he began to cry as loud as he could. Then he wiped his eyes with his flat brown flippers, and went off to play with his black-haired little brothers, each one as round as a football and with a white spot under his ribs.

THEY all climbed up a flat, slanting rock and slid back when they were half way up. When one would bump his nose and bleat and groan, all the others would do the same thing, and Kotik

(Concluded on Next Page)

# Signaling With The Sun's Rays

## How To Make A Heliograph

By A. FREDERICK COLLINS

*This article is reprinted by special permission, from "The Book of Stars," by A. Frederick Collins—a new book of especial interest and helpfulness to Scouts, published by D. Appleton & Co.*

THERE are many ways of sending a signal or a message across space by day, as, for instance, by means of smoke, by flags and flashes of sunlight; by bonfires, pine-knot flames and burning arrows by night, and by wireless, which can be used either by day or by night.

A simple and effective way to signal in the daytime when the sun is shining is by using a mirror, that is, a looking-glass, as it is commonly called. Every boy knows how to make flashes with a mirror, so it will be enough to say that the glass is held in the hand in such a position that the sunlight falling upon it will be reflected in the direction you wish to send the signals.

Any sort of code can be used, but it is far more interesting and will prove very useful if you are able to send and receive messages in the dot and dash alphabet, or Morse telegraph code. A short flash represents a dot, a long flash a dash, and short and long flashes represent letters. This is the same code that is used for wireless telegraphy.

### TO MAKE A SIMPLE HELIOGRAPH

A heliograph is merely a mirror mounted on a baseboard, but this is a big improvement over holding the mirror in the hand, for to send and receive flashes over long distances the mirror must be carefully aimed and kept in position.

To make a heliograph, get a board 12 inches long, 4 inches wide and 1 inch thick and cut a piece out of one end 4 inches long and 1 inch wide, as shown in Fig. 1. Bore a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hole through the slotted end and another  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hole  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the slotted end, as shown.

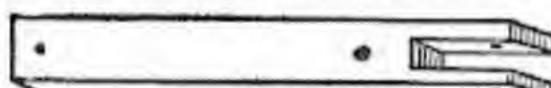


Fig. 1—Base for Heliograph

Make a block of wood 4 inches long, 1 inch wide and 1 inch thick and bore a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hole through it near one end. To the other end of this stick fasten a mirror about 4 inches square. This mirror should be perfectly smooth—a plate glass mirror is the best—and have a hole  $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch in diameter drilled through the center of the mirror for sighting the heliograph, as shown in Fig. 2. Any optician will drill the hole for you for a quarter or less.

Fig. 2 shows a top view of the heliograph and Fig. 4 shows a side view of it.

Make a wood frame so that the mirror can be fastened in it and screw the frame to a stick

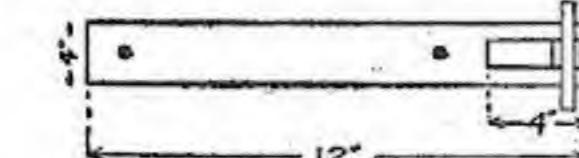


Fig. 2—Top view of Heliograph

of wood. Get a bolt 5 inches long and  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch in diameter and have a thumb screw fitted to it.



Set the end of the stick which has the mirror fastened to it into the slotted end of the baseboard, push the bolt through the holes and after

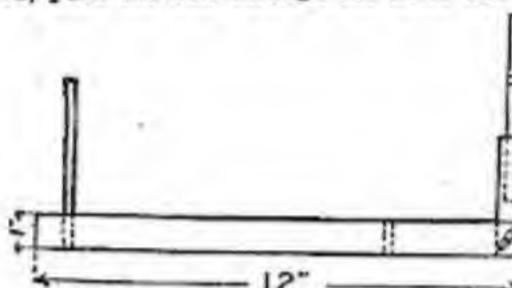


Fig. 4—Side view of Heliograph

slipping on the washer put on the thumb screw. The mirror can now be moved to and fro.

Into the hole in the front part of the base put a wire or a thin round stick to sight the mirror by. The heliograph is now ready for use.

After sighting the mirror at the place where the signals are to be received, set the mirror so that the reflected beam of sunlight shines directly on the place. To send signals in the Morse code

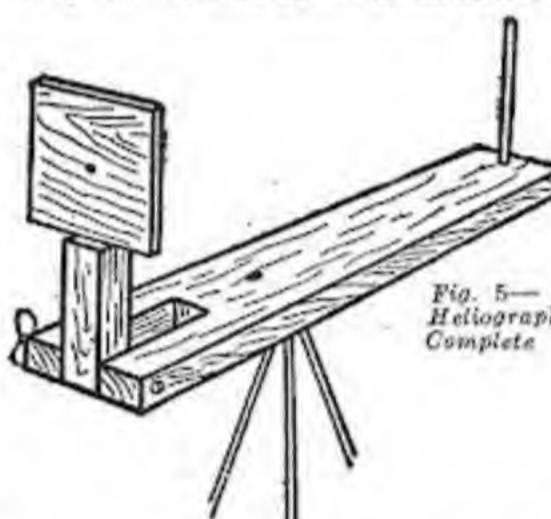


Fig. 5—  
Heliograph  
Complete

all you need to do to make dots and dashes is to place a sheet of cardboard before the mirror and take it away; the length of time the mirror remains uncovered determines whether it is a dot or a dash. The heliograph complete is shown in Fig. 5.

### A Visit to a Happy Family

(Continued from page 11)

bumped his nose just like the rest, and they were all climbing and slipping and bleating when I came away.

And Matka washed her face after all. For Sikatch went to sleep when he had groaned some more, and Matka slipped softly down to the sea, for Matka always had her own way at the end. That is why Sikatch groaned so much and shook his head, flinging the tear-drops away like jewels over the rocks.

**T**HIS is the story of an hour's visit to a sea-bear family that lived on St. Paul Island at Tolstoi Head. And it is a true story, for Sikatch is there yet, and Matka too, if she isn't off feeding in the sea.

But you will know it all for true if you will go to the city of Washington, to the aquarium of the Bureau of Fisheries. There you will find Kotik and his sister Lakutha.

Kotik was born in 1910, away up at St. Paul of the Pribilofs, but he moved early

to Washington and now he is six years old, and his mane is growing, and he begins to roar, to groan, to shed tears and to blow out his breath in a white, musky cloud, just as his father, Sikatch, used to do, away in the far north at Tolstoi Head. And any Boy Scout that will give the pass word, "KOTIK" can see him any day, and the pictures you see (page 10) were taken at his happy home on Tolstoi by George Archibald Clark, of Stanford University, for many years the guardian and friend of all the sea bears of the Pribilofs.

### Newsy Items from All Parts of the World

**TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK**—Beginning Jan. 1, 1916, Denmark has introduced the twenty-four-hour system of computing time. In other words, 1 P. M. is to be termed 13 o'clock, and so on until midnight, which will be 24 o'clock. This system, which eliminates all doubt as to whether a given hour refers to day or night time, has already been introduced in various European countries.

**SCOUTING FOR ICEBERGS**—On February 1, the International Ice Patrol off Newfoundland was resumed, to continue till July 1. In 1914 this service cost \$85,799, of which Great Britain paid 30 per cent, France, Germany and the United States 15 per cent each, and Austro-Hungary, Belgium, Canada and others, 2 to 4 per cent. This work has been delegated to the United States and is accomplished by two powerful cutters of the United States Coast Guard, which alternate in two-week shifts, with Halifax as a base. At 6 p. m. each day, exact information is wireless broadcast in different wave lengths so that all ships in the vicinity may know the exact location of dangerous icebergs such as caused the loss of the Titanic.

**AUTHOR OF "CUDJO'S CAVE" DEAD**—J. T. Trowbridge, who wrote "Cudjo's Cave," "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes" and other books for boys, died on Feb. 12, at Arlington, Mass. He was 90 years old.

**NEW CAPITAL OF MEXICO**—Dolores Hidalgo, in the state of Guanajuato, has been designated by Carranza, provisional ruler, to become the new capital. Mexico City, once known as Tenochtitlan, has been the capital since the first Mexican Emperor was crowned there in 1822. It was founded by the Toltecs in 648, taken by the Aztecs in 1325, and captured by Cortez in 1519.

**NEW MISSISSIPPI BOATS**—During the year, 16 new power barges, designed to navigate in shallow water, will be put into service on regular schedules on the Mississippi River between Minneapolis and New Orleans. Each barge will be equipped with Marconi wireless capable of sending 400 miles or more, so that a barge loaded with any commodity may be stopped and its cargo diverted to more favorable markets in case news of changed market conditions is received after the barge starts on its journey. Or in case of grounding or other accident, assistance may be called.

**TRENCH READING**—Mark Twain's books translated into German is very popular in the German trenches. This recalls Mr. Clemens' comment on the German language, that, "You dive blindly in at the beginning of a sentence and come out at the end with the verb in your mouth."

**BOOKS \$62 EACH**—Books at \$250 per set of four seem rather expensive, but even that is only a fraction of the cost of a set devoted to pheasants, the first volume of which is to be published this year by the New York Zoological Society. Only 500 sets will be published.

**UNCOVERS ANCIENT PORTS**—Prof. Earl H. Morris of the University of Colorado reports that he has discovered the ruins of ancient ports in the San Juan region of New Mexico not far from the Colorado line. Well preserved skeletons were found in cistern-shaped graves made of baked clay.

**SEVEN STATES BAR LIQUORS**—On January 1, Iowa, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Arkansas and South Carolina became prohibition states.

**ALASKAN GOLD**—One is apt to forget that our territory of Alaska continues to produce enormous quantities of gold. In 1915 the total output was \$32,000,000 (estimated). That is \$9,000,000 more than in any previous year.

# Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Illustrated by Norman P. Rockwell

[LAST INSTALMENT]

THE warm-up came to an end. Captain Roberts met them in front of the bench.

"They have last innings," he said.

"But they're the visiting team," cried Andy. "They ought to go to bat first."

"That's not the way we run our series," Roberts explained. "The team that gets the grounds for the deciding game, gives the other team the choice of innings." The captain dropped down on the bench. "Here she starts. Get ready, Lane. Don't be too anxious to hit."

"Watch out for his fast one," Ted Carter warned.

Lane, the shortstop, stepped toward the plate. He hit the first offering for a single.

"That's the way to start things," Roberts yelled. He went to bat and drove out a double. Lane and Roberts scored on Ted Carter's single, after Grunow had sacrificed. Chester had two runs to show for her first turn at bat.

"This is our day," shouted Andy Ford.

But speedily it developed that Irontown was going to have something to say about that. She, too, began to hit, and speedily had runners on second and third, and one out.

Don watched the batter who now came out. He was of the type that pulls the left leg away, the type that is usually afraid of the ball. Just one of those in-shoots, and that batter wouldn't get a smell of the ball the rest of the day. But Don, with the determination to play the game as a Scout should, pitched a straight fast ball, and the batter scratched a hit in back of second. Two runs came in, and the inning ended with the score a tie.

"That hit was a fluke," said Alex Davidson.

"It got them two runs," said Don. He dropped down on the bench. After a while he felt something on his shoulder, and looked around to see Alex's hand there. Never before, in a game, had Alex done that.

The game became a nip-and-tuck struggle. So dry and brittle was the ground that base running was almost impossible. Whenever a player moved his feet the dust arose in a cloud. And yet, for all that, the teams played snappy ball.

Twice Don had a chance to shoot over a quick return, and three times his driving in-shoot might have saved him. But always, despite the effort it cost, he played fair. On three of these occasions the batters laced him for hits.

But, thanks to Ted Carter's big bat, Chester was also in the game. At the end of the sixth inning, despite Irontown's rallies, Chester led by a score of 8 to 7.

It was hard, Don thought, to have Irontown wallop you every time you refused to try for an advantage. He knew that Ted was looking at him queerly. But he

knew, too, that between every inning Alex sat with a hand on his shoulder. Gosh, how that helped!

As Chester went to bat for the seventh inning the sky began to darken with storm clouds. There was the rumble of thunder. A puff of wind stirred the dust.

"Catching isn't going to be any joke when the wind starts," said Alex. "The dust will blow right into the faces of the catcher and the batter."

Chester did not score in the seventh. Neither did Irontown. The eighth inning told the same story. The last inning started with Chester still leading by a one-run margin.

Ted Carter, the first boy to bat, struck out. He came back to the bench complaining of dust in his eyes. McMaster and Leonard popped weakly. It was Irontown's last turn.

NOW the sky was black. The rumble of the thunder was heavy and deep. And the wind was driving in sharp blasts. Every little while there would be a puff of air, and a sheet of dust would run across the diamond. Sometimes the catcher and the batter stuck it out; sometimes they ducked their heads.

Don went out for the ninth inning wishing it was over. His arm had begun to feel the strain. He tried to curve his first ball, but no curve was there, and the batter hit for a single.

"Tie it up," yelled the Irontown rooters; "tie it up."

The next boy sacrificed. Then Don lost control and gave a base on balls. The next batter bunted. Don raced in for the ball, but a cloud of dust swirled around him, and he fumbled, and the batter was safe. There were three on bases and one out.

"Take your time, Don," called Ted. "No hurry; no hurry."

A cold fear gripped Don's heart. Three on the bases and only one out! A hit would take the victory out of his clutch. Oh, how he wanted to win this game!

He tried desperately to put some of the old break on the ball. The batter swung and missed. He tried again, and almost threw the ball over Alex's head. There was a crash of thunder, a puff of wind, and a cloud of dust. Ted ran out to the mound.

"Stall along," he advised. "Kill time, kill time. Fix your shoe-lace. It will rain any moment and then you're safe."

"I—I can't," Don faltered. "That isn't fair. They must have a chance."



"A moment later he danced wildly around the shop."

Ted turned and walked back to the bag slowly.

The batter fouled the next pitch. The count was two strikes and one ball.

"Oh!" breathed Don. "If I can only fool him on another."

HOLDING the ball up against his breast he glanced toward second base. As he stood there poised, he saw the tree tops at the edge of the field bend and sway. Next he saw a cloud of dust rise from the ground and begin to sweep toward the diamond. His heart gave a quick leap.

This was his chance—in another instant the dust would be upon the batter; he could get the ball in there, too, the batter wouldn't have half a chance.

He whirled around toward the plate.

His arm swung out, swung down, weakened and stopped. He couldn't.

The coacher at first gave a shrill cry. "Balk! Balk!"

And then the dust rushed across the diamond. The batter put up one arm to guard his eyes and backed away from the plate.

Suddenly the coacher realized why Don had stopped his pitching motion. Quietly, when the dust had settled, that coacher walked back to his box. Don looked at the umpire, and the judge of play smiled and shook his head.

"Play ball!" he cried.

Don poised again with the ball against his chest. But now a cheer had started and was running through the spectators. Don blinked his eyes. Why, what could that mean? He nodded to Alex's signal for a drop, and he tried desperately to pitch the drop of which his arm was capable.

But his cunning was gone. The ball sailed in straight and true, a perfect mark. The batter swung. Roberts made a blind stab for the ball as it bounded toward him, but missed it. The Irontown runners raced around the bases. Chester had lost.

**B**UT, for all that, the cheer was still echoing across the field. Don, blind to everything but the sting of defeat, turned toward the bench with hanging head. And then Alex, and Ted, and Andy and the team were around him.

"That was fine," said Alex. "That was great, Don."

Ted Carter caught his hand. "I've been a mutt," he said huskily. "You're square all the way through. If I was a little younger I'd join those Boy Scouts myself."

Don caught his breath. They weren't blaming him for defeat; they were telling him that he had done the right thing. Gee! didn't he know a fine bunch of fellows?

He broke from them and ran toward the bench for his sweater. There sat Mr. Wall. The boy stopped short. They stared at each other a moment. Slowly the man's face broke into a smile.

"I'm proud of you, Don."

Don stared down at the ground. "I— I almost—"

"Almost don't count," Mr. Wall said gently. "I've been watching you, Don. Suppose you get ready to take the rest of your First Class tests next week."

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### *A Change in the Sign.*

**A**WEEK later Don had become a First Class scout. He passed his tests in a way that brought a few quiet words of praise from the members of the Local Council. Mr. Wall, when the examination was over, gave him a friendly poke in the ribs.

"Was it worth fighting for, Don?"

Don looked down at the badge. "Yes, sir. I've wanted it a long time."

Mr. Wall nodded. "I could have told you long ago what was holding you back, but I wanted you to find out for yourself. It's the thing we dig for that we hold the longest."

"Yes, sir," said Don, and ran home to show the badge to Barbara.

"It's a beauty, isn't it?" Barbara cried in delight. Barbara never failed to grow enthusiastic over his triumphs.

"It's the finest little badge in the world," said Don. After all these months he was a full-fledged, First Class scout.

Don emerged from the June examinations with a percentage that brought a smile to his father's face. After that, for a while, he was a mighty busy boy. With the help of Barbara he dressed for the class picture. He escorted his mother to the play given by the Junior Class Dramatic Association. It seemed fitting that Barbara should accompany him to the last happening of the school year—the ties, commencement.

During the exercises a boy brought him a note. It was from Mr. Wall, and read: "Please come to my house at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

**A**LL the way home he wondered what Mr. Wall could want.

"Maybe he wants to find out what you're going to do now that school is over," said Barbara.

"Shucks!" said Don. "Why should he want to know that?"

"I guess Mr. Wall is the kind of man who wants to know all about his boys," Barbara answered.

Next morning, when Don came to the teacher's house, Mr. Wall was spading the garden. He leaned his spade against the stoop, and they sat on the wooden steps.

"Don," Mr. Wall said gravely, "I'm not trying to pry into your affairs, and I have a reason for the questions I will ask. You won't mind answering, will you?"

"No, sir."

"Good. What are your plans?"

"I'm going to work,"

said Don.

"For the summer?"

"No; for good."

Mr. Wall nodded his head and stared across the garden. "Do you like schooling?" he asked presently.

"I like it now," said Don.

"Do you mind telling me why you're going to work?"

"Because they need the money at home," Don said simply. "I've done a lot of thinking lately. Beth has lost her place at the bakery and hasn't found anything else to do, and her three dollars a week makes a difference. Of course, I've helped Dad with the screens, but the screen business is about over. I guess I can study nights."

"As I understand it," Mr. Wall said, "you feel that you ought to earn some money. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"The kind of work doesn't make much difference, does it?"

"No, sir."

"Suppose there was a way for you to earn money and stay at school?"

"Oh!" cried Don. He jumped to his feet. "Is there a way, sir?"

"There may be," said Mr. Wall.

And then he told the boy about two local Audubon societies in their State that were asking for models for bird houses.

"Send each society a model," Mr. Wall advised, "and tell at what price you are willing to make houses similar to the model. If you got a good stock of orders, you could make your money that way."

"But nobody would want to buy my bird houses," Don said incredulously.

"Your houses are strongly and simply built," Mr. Wall said quietly, "and they are cheap. Send off your models. Your profit is twenty-five cents on each house, isn't it?"

"I guess I could make about thirty cents if I bought my material in quantities," Don answered.

"If you get these orders you'll need to

buy in quantities," Mr. Wall said. "When can you start on the models, today?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then get started. You know what they say about the early bird? Good luck, Don."

"Thank you, sir," said Don.

**H**IS head was in a whirl as he walked home. Mr. Wall had said the societies would order in quantities. What did that mean? Fifty bird houses? Seventy-five?

He told the news to Barbara, and to his mother, and to his father, and to Beth. His father sat on the bench and thoughtfully felt the edge of a chisel.

"So you were going to go to work, were you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"At the mill. I guess I could get a job there."

"You hadn't said anything to me about going to work."

Don flushed. "I—— I didn't want to say anything to you, sir. I thought you'd want to keep me at school, and I didn't see how you could."

And then his father said a perfectly incomprehensible thing.

"Don," he asked slowly, "I wonder if you realize how much that scout badge you wear means?"

"N—— no, sir," said Don, mystified. "Can I try my bird houses on these Audubon societies?"

His father laughed. "I'd like to see anybody try to stop you," he said.

So Don set to work to make two more houses. Carefully he measured and carefully he sawed and cut. There weren't going to be any poor joints on this job.

But when the houses were finished, his enthusiasm melted away. They looked so absolutely plain, so unattractive, that he was filled with doubt just as he had been before taking his original model to the troop meeting.

"What do you think of them?" he asked his sister. "Tell me honestly, Barbara?"

"I think they're the neatest little houses I ever saw," said Barbara. "I've been reading up about these two Audubon societies. They want to distribute bird houses free so that people in their towns will begin to think more about the birds. What they want is a good house that is also a cheap house, and that's what you have."

"Oh!" said Don. "I hadn't thought about that." He became more hopeful, and boxed the houses, and addressed them, and carried them down to the express office.

That night he wrote a letter to each society. Next morning he mailed it. Then came days of waiting.

He got so that he knew to the minute when the postman was due on his street. But at the end of ten days no word had come to him. He went to Mr. Wall.

"Patience, Don," the Scoutmaster laughed. "Yours wasn't the only model received."

"Doesn't it look bad," the boy asked, "not hearing from them in so long a time?"

"Of course not. Keep up your courage."

Another week passed. And then, on a glorious Monday morning, the postman gave him two letters. He took one peep at the envelopes, and then bolted into the carpenter shop.

"I've heard from them," he shouted. "Dad! Barbara! Mother! I've heard from them."

"Have they accepted your model?" his father asked.

"Oh!" said Don. He felt faint. He

(Continued on Page 19)



"It's a beauty, isn't it?"

NFR

# A Prisoner of the Sand

By ERNEST ELWOOD STANFORD

Illustrated by KARL GODWIN



NEIL SHIRLAND picked up his tools and prepared to descend into the well.

"Here's hoping this is the last day's digging."

"Getting tired of the job?" asked Owen, his younger brother.

"Yes. Twenty-seven feet is deep enough. If we go much deeper, we'll have to put in a bucket-pump instead of a suction pump, and they're always a nuisance. But I think, by the look of the sand, that we're near the water. We'll strike it before father gets back to-morrow night."

"That sand looks like regular quicksand. It won't be easy to wall it up securely."

"It's solid enough, I guess," replied Neil, as he started down the rude ladder.

AT the bottom, he dipped up the small amount of water that had seeped in overnight. By means of a bucket and a rude winch his brother drew it up. Neil then set vigorously at work. His muscles, trained and shaped by two years of college athletics, had become harder and firmer in the summer's work now drawing to a close. After digging through several feet of sand, he had come to a hard, compact, clay-like layer, under which he hoped to find water. The sides of the well were braced with scantlings and planks, for the sand had shown a dangerous inclination to crumble.

Progress through the hard stratum was slow, but the earth constantly grew more moist. At last a pick-stroke brought forth a small, gushing stream.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "I've struck a vein!"

Stepping back as the water flowed around his feet, he slipped on the shelving wet-clay well-bottom, and threw out his hands instinctively to recover his balance. His pick struck violently against one of the side-braces. It gave way, and suddenly the air seemed full of flying sand and timbers. Neil tried to leap for

the ladder, but in vain. The rush of sand swept irresistibly down, catching him and burying him nearly to the armpits.

"Hello, Neil! Are you hurt much?" shouted Owen anxiously.

"Not a bit," replied Neil, who was trying vainly to wriggle free from the imprisoning sand. "My foot seems to be caught under the timbers. Lower down a shovel, will you? Mine's buried."

"Shan't I come down and help?" asked Owen.

Neil looked dubiously at the crumbling, sandy wall above him. In his cramped position, he could dig but slowly, and at any moment more of the loosened earth might fall.

"All right, but be careful. Call somebody before you come down."

A chance passer-by came running at Owen's summons. He was Hannibal

Haynes, a neighbor, well known for his dangerously inventive genius.

"Here, here!" he cried. "Don't go down there! You'll shake down more of that sand. Let him hitch the rope under his arms; then we can pull him out with the winch."

"My head and shoulders might come," said Neil, who had small respect for Hannibal's expedients, "but my feet and legs are wedged fast."

"Well, hitch the rope around yourself," advised Hannibal, turning to Owen. "Then I can pull you up if the sides cave in."

WITH the rope securely tied under his arms, Owen was soon beside his brother. Carefully he dug away the fallen sand. Soon Neil's body was uncovered to the knees, and both bent in an effort to move the tightly wedged timbers that pinned him. As they did so, there came another rush of sand from above. Owen, springing upward, screened his brother with his own body and succeeded in preventing his total burial.

"Whew!" exclaimed Neil, wrenching his arms free again. "That was a close call. Another foot would have finished me."

Owen, who had wriggled free, glanced anxiously at the treacherous wall.

"We can't risk another fall like that," he said. "What next?" Neil thought deeply for a moment.

"Go up the ladder carefully," he explained. "Take that big box in the barn shed yonder, and the two lengths of hose from the spray pump. Bore holes in the bottom of the box; fasten the ends of the hose in them, and then let the box down till it's just over my head. Then I'll try digging again. If another cave-in starts, you can drop the box, and it will cover my head like a diving-bell. You can pump air in through the hose, if necessary."

Quickly Owen did as he was bidden. The box was a heavy affair, nearly five feet high and about a yard square. Owen secured the ends of the hose within the holes by thrusting nails through the tough rubber. The box was then carefully lowered till it was less than a foot above Neil's head.

"All right!" called the latter, hidden from view beneath it. "I'm beginning to dig. If you hear me shout, drop the box —quick!"

Slowly and cautiously he dug away the sand, his brother hauling it up. But scarcely had he begun when, without warning, the whole side of the well caved in.



"Both bent in an effort to move the timbers that pinned him."

"Drop it!" shouted Neil, but the watchers above had seen the danger, and the box fell heavily. It dropped too soon, for an instant later Neil heard the earth thud above his head, and the box was buried to a depth of several feet.

"Neil! Oh, Neil! Are you hurt?" called Owen through the tube. Hannibal Haynes had seized the force-pump, and was working the plunger as for dear life.

"No, no, I'm all right," came the muffled reply. "But do stop that pump. It's blowing the sand in my eyes. A few blasts now and then will be enough. You'll have to get a gang of men, I guess, and dig away the whole side of the well from the top."

Thanks to a rural telephone, a crowd of neighbors quickly assembled. After a short consultation, a large trench was begun, nearly thirty feet back from the well. A dozen men fell eagerly to work, but progress was slow. The upper soil was stony, and as the diggers worked downward the underlying sand had to be braced with planks. Often the men expressed their wonder that the boys had succeeded in penetrating to the depth they had reached before the disaster.

To the imprisoned lad, the hours passed slowly enough. Above, a watcher stood always by the life-supporting tubes, supplying the necessary air and shouting encouragement at intervals.

His thoughts more upon what the men might be doing above than upon his own imprisonment, Neil did not see, for a time, a new danger that gradually increased. The water he had released from its confinement beneath the impervious layer of clay was slowly working upward. Evidently the vein was a large one. Inch by inch the water rose, driven through the loosely packed sand by the force of its flow in its subterranean channel from the hill above.

ONLY Neil's head and shoulders were above the earth. Would the relentlessly rising water drive the air up the hose and through the cracks of the loosely-boarded box, fill it, and drown him there, helpless, in total darkness, like a rat in a trap? At his shouted warning of this new peril, the would-be rescuers redoubled their efforts.

By afternoon the rising water had reached the height of his hips. His head ached dully, for in spite of the efforts of the man at the pump, much of the carbon dioxide of his breath, being heavier than the air, remained in the box. As the day wore on, he became faint with hunger. The hose from the spray-pump, having been used with poisonous insecticides, could not be used to carry food to him. Besides, he could not reach it. All he could do was to wait there in the darkness while the chilling water oozed slowly, constantly, upward.

Nightfall brought no rest to the workers. As one man grew weary, another took his place. The trench broadened and deepened. By midnight the eager workmen were shoveling directly above the box. But within it the water already had risen above the prisoner's shoulders.

**H**ELLO! Owen!" Neil's voice was weak, but still courageous. "Get a length of the iron pipe from the old, dried-up well, and drive it down through the sand and the box into the water. Then you can pump the water out."

"But the pipe will fill with sand."

"Put a wooden plug in the lower end,

You can drive it out with a rake-handle or something of the sort, after you've pierced the box. Hit the box near the corner, if you can, so as not to break out a board and let the sand in on me. Hurry, for the water's up to my neck!"

The pipe was soon brought. The use of the plug, fortunately, was not necessary, for one of the near-by neighbors owned a "drive well-point," a threaded piece of pipe having holes in the sides and a sharp steel point, designed for driving into water-bearing sand. This was screwed to the old well-pipe, and hurriedly driven; it narrowly missed Neil's head. A few moments' work with the pump sufficed to draw out the water, which by this time had reached Neil's chin.

Several hours more, however, elapsed before the box could be safely lifted. The morning was fully dawned before the weary rescuers pried up the tightly-lodged timbers, and released the almost fainting prisoner, after a confinement of nearly twenty-four hours.

## The Boy In Japan

By ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

OF course, a boy might go through life with "Quiet Dragon" for a name and never have any trouble with the police; but you and I of the Western world have our doubts. A Japanese boy wouldn't. I once knew a boy in Tokio whose name, literally translated, was, "Number-Three Pine Mountain"—Sanjo Mat Suyama, if you want the Japanese of it—and he was bearing up under it very well. Boys' names in Japan are only a small part of that topsy-turvy land. In the case of Sanjo, he was the third boy in the family, so they called him Number-Three, which is simple and direct. Maybe some day he'll have a brother Number-Nine; who knows?

Aside from staggering under a fancy name, the Japanese youngster has a pretty hard way in the world. When he goes to school, for instance, and is taught to read he has to learn about three thousand crow tracks—"ideographs" is the word in the dictionary—before he can be promoted into what we would call the eighth grade. Those ideographs are, in fact, part of the system of picture writing such as you see the Chinese laundryman making on a bundle of wash with a camel's-hair brush. The Japanese don't have an alphabet; they have an ideograph for every sound the human sound-box can make. Until a boy learns to recognize those awful curleykews he cannot read.



In a Street in Tokio.

But the boy is the king pin in the home. They think a great deal of him—so much so, in fact, that once a year a Boys' Day is a national holiday throughout the Mikado's land. On that festive occasion every father hoists on the flagpole above his home a string of paper fish, painted to resemble carp and with bamboo bows in their mouths so that the wind can enter and give the fish a life-like, swimming motion. One fish for every boy in the family, and the youngest has the biggest fish. So the proud father advertises his growing family.

Soldier games are the most preferred by Young Japan; fencing with bamboo swords, "jiu-jitsu," or wrestling, and drilling. But baseball, transplanted to this far-away land by American teachers in the universities, has made a great hit and is played everywhere. It is a funny sight to see a shave-headed youngster sliding for first in blue and white cotton kimona. It certainly doesn't do the kimona any good.

Perhaps if you sat down to dinner with Sanjo and the first course was raw fish—you'd seen swimming in the garden pool ten minutes before—you would turn a pale green and decline with thanks. But Sanjo, in turn, would not touch American cheese; he calls it "decayed milk." He takes rice with his raw fish, and the tender sprouts of bamboo and chicken, maybe; but little or no beef or mutton. That is almost worth its weight in gold in Japan, because they haven't room for cows and sheep.

Too many boys.

## Ever Catch the Wireless Weather Reports?

Scouts having wireless equipment will be interested in knowing that the daily forecasts of the United States Weather Bureau are broadcasted slowly—about 10 words per minute—between 12:45 and 1 P. M. from Indianapolis, Rock Island, and Springfield, in Illinois; and similarly from Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, and the University of North Dakota. At 10 P. M. weather reports and forecasts for the Atlantic coast and the Great Lakes are sent from the powerful Government wireless station at Arlington, Va.

### 450,000 ENGLISH WORDS.

The vocabulary of the New Standard Dictionary of the English language contains approximately 450,000 words; Grimm's Dictionary of the German language contains approximately 150,000 words; Littré's French Dictionary, approximately 210,000; Petrocchi's Italian Dictionary, approximately 140,000; Carlos de Ochoa's Spanish Dictionary, approximately 120,000.

### FLASHLIGHT SIGNALLING FROM AIRCRAFT.

There has been perfected in the United States an electric flashlight intended for signalling from an airship. The device is small and light, and its flashes can be read at a distance of from six to eight miles in daylight when the sun is shining. Obviously, the signalling range is even greater at night.—*Scientific American*.

### FIRST AID TO A WOUNDED TREE.

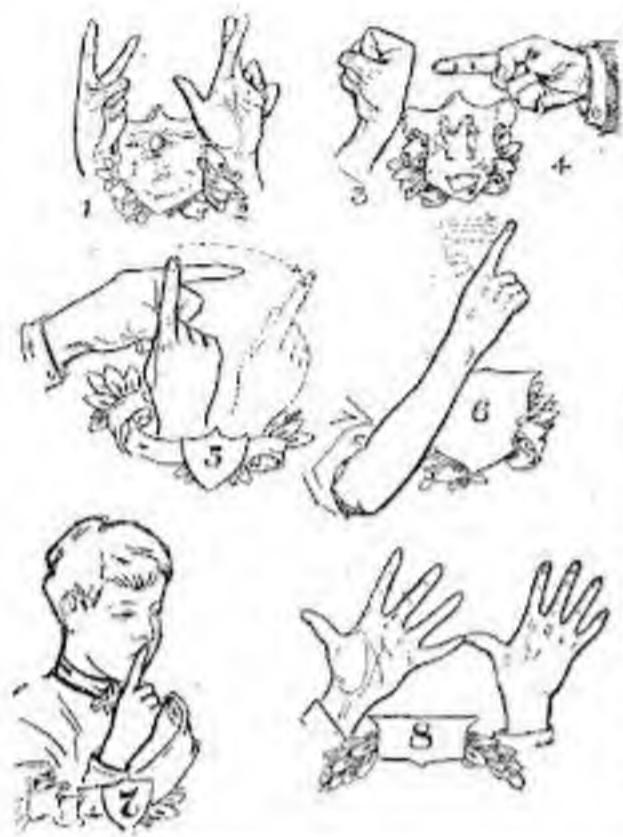
If a tree in your yard is cut or bruised, paint the wound with refined coal tar.

# Dan Beard Tells You How

White People Talk by Gesture\*

By DAN BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America



MOST people think that the gesture sign language is peculiar to the American Indians, but it was used by the ancient Egyptians, as well as the Greeks and Romans during their greatest age, and may still be seen on the ancient vases. To-day it is a common mode of expression in Italy and very common here in the United States. For instance, we take the first sign illustrated:

Fig. 1 This has always been among American boys, the sign for swimming. It means "come and go a-swimming," "I am going a-swimming," or "Are you going swimming?" according to the way in which one uses it.

Fig. 2 King's X, which means a truce. "Hold on a minute, I claim a rest." "It" cannot tag any one when one's fingers are crossed; a boys' sign. In ancient times the monastery and the king's house were both sanctuaries or retreats where even the criminal was safe from the law. It is called the King's X or cross because Church and State were united. This sign is also used to fend off bad luck; then one must cross one's fingers and say "muggins" to protect from the "evil eye." The "evil eye" is an old superstition still prevalent in Italy. Of course, there is no truth in it.

Fig. 3 The closed fist. Every boy knows what that means! It is a threat and means, "I am going to beat you up," or it may mean, "If you continue to do this or that thing, I will beat you." In that case it is a threat combined with a caution.

Fig. 4 The pointing finger, a sign of direction, used everywhere.

Fig. 5 The sign of shame—shame on you. The forefinger of the left hand points at some one, while the forefinger of the

right hand is run down the other forefinger a number of times. All young people dread this gesture.

Fig. 6 A sign of caution—tut-tut!—be careful! Principally used by parents and school teachers.

Fig. 7 Silence, keep quiet—mum! Finger against the mouth means the mouth is closed, and when the mouth is closed one cannot talk. The ancient Greeks used this sign for silence. It is used to-day by every one.

Fig. 8 A sign of derision. Usually the thumb of the open, waving hand touches the point of the nose. East of the Alleghany mountains this is generally, but incorrectly, associated with a low, vulgar expression. There is, however, nothing vulgar in the sign itself. It is usually directed to a person who has tried to "put something over" on one and failed. If a person who has tried to trip one into some ridiculous joke and one sees through the trap, the sign is used to let the guilty party know that his game is known. Also, if one is running and climbs out of reach of one's pursuer, the sign is used to show that the chase was a failure. Literally, it means that the other party met with loss and disappointment by a palm's breadth.

Fig. 9 You are making a fool of yourself; hands at ears wagging back and forth representing the ears of a jackass.

Fig. 10 This means that the one using it has succeeded in making a dupe by fooling or deceiving another party. Place the fingers between the collar and the neck and rub the neck with the back of the hand, which means that the other party swallowed one's yarn or fish story, whole. In boys' slang, "They did not tumble to the game."

Fig. 11 A humorous sign meaning, "You can't fool me—I understand your game—the joke is not new—I have heard it before."

Fig. 12 Pulling down the lower lid is sometimes used in a similar manner to Fig. 11, but really meaning a cheat, a swindle, a fake. If one uses this sign and points to another person, then it means a warning to look out for that person, he is not square and honest. If it is used directly to the person talking with one it means, "You can't fool me," "go tell it to the marines," "I see through your joke, story or game." Usually in America it is used jestingly, but in Italy it is used seriously.

Fig. 13 Palm of the hand facing outward, waved back and forth rapidly, in front of the lower part of the face. Negative sign, "No, no. I cannot listen to you. Stop—quit that—cut it out."

Fig. 14 Ta, Ta! good-bye, farewell; a sign known by every child. Also used as a salute, meaning, "How-d'ye do and good-bye." Used in this manner from a car window or passing vehicle.

Fig. 15 Yes—I agree with you. The forefinger of the right hand joining the middle of the cushion of the finger with the end of its own thumb, moderately



extending the rest of the fingers. This means "yes" among the people of Naples and other parts of Italy. Practically the same among the American Indians. A sign of approval—"Good, all right, O. K., I agree with you."

Fig. 16 Boy Scouts' salute and sign. It stands for the principles of Scouting, the three things in the Scout Oath: 1, first finger, honor God and your country; 2, second finger, help others; 3, third finger, obey the Scout law. This is now also used by the Boy Scouts of America and the Boy Scouts all over the world.

Fig. 17 Money. A common sign used by shop-keepers, gamblers and people in general. This is made by rubbing the end of the thumb and the fore or index-finger together, indicating the picking up and counting of money. Sometimes used meaning, "Pay your score, pay up, I want the money," or meaning, "I will comply with your request if you pay me cash."

There are many gesture signs used in every-day life which are so familiar to us (such as nodding the head for yes, shaking it for no, and shrugging the shoulders when in doubt) that we fail to recognize how great a part gestures play in ordinary conversation. The railroad men have a whole system of gestures that they use when their voices cannot be heard on account of the noise of the moving trains and escaping steam; surveyors have another system of gesture signs, usually used when the distance is too great for the voice to carry.

Every religious body and secret society employs a regular code of gesture signs, but the American Indian, after all, is the one who has most complete conversational set of gestures. Next to him come the Neapolitan Italians.



## In the Scout Cave

"Letting the Scoutmaster Know"

By THE CAVE SCOUT  
F. J. P.

**H**ELLO there, boys; right on the job, aren't you? And what a gang of you there is this month! Lots of you are new scouts, I see, and I suppose you are wondering what happens in this old Cave, any way. Well, stick around a while and you'll find out. But you don't need to be nervous about it. We never do anything any worse than take a few scalps or break a few bones. Do we, fellows? (Get the wink?)

"Say, Mr. Cave Scout, what are you grinning about? Tell us the joke!"

It isn't exactly a joke. I was just thinking about a man who came into the Boys' Life office a little while ago.

"I want to tell you a story," he said. "A boy scout named Billie Smith lives next door to me. Billie is bugler in his troop. And he certainly can bugle! I'll bet you could hear his calls ten miles away. I have a little shaver about a year old, and I think he will make a great bugler, too, some day, for he certainly has a powerful set of lungs. Well, every time Billie came home from his scout meeting, he'd take out his bugle and practice. My little scout isn't old enough to appreciate good music yet, and every time Billie blew his bugle my boy woke up and we had a little music of our own. Then I'd have to walk the floor and shake a rattle and wiggle my left ear, and do a lot of other stunts to stop the rehearsal.

"Finally my patience wore out, and I went over to Billie's house, pretty warm under the collar. Billie came to the door. 'What in the name of Christy Mathewson do you mean?' I said, 'tooting that fool bugle every night and disturbing the whole neighborhood! Listen, do you hear that racket over in my house? That's my kid. Your infernal horn woke him up, and he gets enough lung exercise in the daytime without being disturbed at night. I'd like to throw that horn of yours into the crater of a volcano!'

"Why, Mr. Davis," said Billie, "I'm awful sorry my bugling bothered you. I never thought about waking the baby. I'm glad you spoke to me, because I would have gone right on doing it. After this, when I want to practice I'll go over in Peanut's barn where I won't bother anybody."

"Well, Billie acted in such a courteous and gentlemanly manner that I felt kind of ashamed for calling him down so hard. I want him to know that I appreciate his good spirit in the matter, so here's a dollar, and I wish you'd send him Boys' Life for a year. Billie Smith is one of the finest boys I know!"

**W**ELL, let's see what we can find in the "Question Hole." First grab counts!

*Dear Cave Scout:*

We've got the best scoutmaster a troop ever had and we sure are proud of him. He does a lot of nice things for us and we'd like to let him know that we appreciate them. But we feel kind of bashful about it and none of us can talk very well and it would be hard for us to say anything to him that wouldn't sound kind of "mushy." But we can talk to you about it because we don't know who in the dickens you are, and because you don't know much about us.

Now we'd like to do something special to show our scoutmaster what we think about him. Can't you tell us what to do?

Hoping you can give us some good advice.

Yours very truly,

Troop 1, —, Pa.

P. S.—Don't put the name of our town in Boys' Life because our scoutmaster might see it.

**I** LIKE that letter, fellows; don't you? Don't you hate like sixty to have your aunt kiss you in the railroad station, or to have your mother pat you on the back and call you her "good boy" or her "baby" when there is company in the parlor, or to have somebody tell your scoutmaster about a good turn you've done? Those aren't the kind of things to be brought right out in public, are they? You don't go around doing those sort of things yourselves, and you wish folks wouldn't do them to you. And I don't blame you a bit!

Well, that's kind of the way you feel about your scoutmaster, isn't it? You think that he would blush and squirm and get all fussed up if you did something that would show how you feel towards him. And probably he would.

One time I knew a troop of scouts that thought an awful lot of their scoutmaster. So they chipped in and bought a fine watch fob. Then the question came up as to how they should give it to him. None of the boys wanted to make the speech of presentation. Some argued that it would be a good plan to mail it to him. But that didn't seem just right, so they finally drew lots to see which one of the boys should do the talking. The time for the presentation came, and the scout stood up to do his duty.

"Mr. Scoutmaster," he said; "we all thought—we—you've—you've been—Aw shucks, I can't say it! Here's something for you!" And he pushed the box into his scoutmaster's hand, and then turned and beat it back to the bunch.

I knew this scoutmaster pretty well. He happened to be—well, a very good friend of mine; so I know how he felt about that fob. He thought that was the best presentation speech he had ever heard. There

wasn't anything fancy about it, but it said a whole lot.

The point is this, scouts; it isn't necessary to make any big splurge to let people know how you feel about them. This scoutmaster I've been telling you about doesn't value the fob especially as a *fob*, but it is worth a lot to him on account of what it *stands for*. And he wouldn't value it a bit more—and I rather suspect he would value it less—if the presentation speech had been a splendid sample of polished oratory. This shows that it is the *spirit*, and not the *act or object*, that has value. And the less fuss there is made about the expression of this spirit, the better.

To go back a little: You fellows really feel glad to know that your aunt cares for you, don't you? And you like to know that your mother is proud of you, don't you? The thing you would like, would be to have them give you this knowledge without letting anybody else know about it, or even without actually saying anything to you.

**W**E hear a good deal about expressing our appreciation to our scoutmasters for the time they are giving to us and the work they are doing for us.

I know that most scoutmasters never think about any evidence of appreciation from their scouts. They are just as much interested in Scouting as their boys are, and find so much satisfaction in watching the development of their scouts, that they never feel the need of anything more. They have just as much fun as you scouts do, and sometimes I think they have more. But I know that every scoutmaster likes to see some little evidence once in a while that his boys like him.

And I also know that every scoutmaster can do better work if he is sure that his boys like him.

That is why I am glad you fellows in Pennsylvania have brought this matter to our attention. We boys often have feelings that we don't try to express because we are afraid they will sound "mushy," as the boys say in their letter. This talk here in the Cave will start a lot of you fellows thinking along this line, and I'm sure that many of you will find a way to let your scoutmasters know what you think about them without doing it in a way that would seem unnatural.

There is no limit to the number of ways in which this can be done. Every troop and every scout in the country could find a different way, and there would still be some new ones left over. It depends entirely on circumstances. I might suggest one scheme for one troop that wouldn't work at all in another; so I guess it wouldn't be wise to give you Pennsylvania scouts a definite suggestion.

But here are one or two samples, just to set you thinking. You'll find something, I'm sure; and it will be more fun if you think of it yourselves. A scoutmaster in a Western State was forced to leave his troop for a few weeks while he went on a trip. When he came back his boys met him and his wife at the depot and carried their baggage to their home. The grass was mown and neatly trimmed, the garden was watered and weeded, and on the dining room table was a nice hot meal, all ready to serve, which had been prepared with the help of the lady next door, in whose care the house had been left while the family was away. Nothing was said about appreciation, and no speeches were made. But you can bet your life the scoutmaster understood what it meant.

A scoutmaster in Wisconsin found a quart of fresh wild strawberries on his back porch every morning during the season. It was a funny thing, but this scoutmaster's house was the only one in town where this thing happened! Don't you think he understood?

Another scoutmaster—but shucks, I guess you've got the idea!

Some of you fellows still persist in sending me letters that are unsigned. "Solid ivory!" "Nobody home!"

THE CAVE SCOUT.

## Aid to First Aiders

### SPRAINS AND STRAINS

By DR. WILLIAM BRADY

**A** SPRAIN is a severe strain of a joint. It means tearing or rupture of ligaments, with more or less hemorrhage about the joint under the skin, according to the severity of the sprain. Too often a fracture about the ankle is mistaken for a sprain, and the same holds true for the hip, as X-ray examinations nowadays prove.

Following the wrench or twist which causes a sprain the joint is exquisitely painful and tender, so that it is difficult or impossible to bear weight upon it—a sign which does not, as many imagine, mean that the bone is broken. Indeed, a severe sprain is more painful and disabling and sometimes longer in healing than is a broken bone.

The greatest relief for a sprain is to plunge the part into very hot water and

keep it there for half an hour to two hours. Or very cold compresses may be kept on it, or pieces of ice or an ice-bag. But generally heat is preferable if obtainable. Then the part should be snugly bandaged, the shoe put on and tightly laced, and, if at all possible, the injured individual should try to walk and keep at it in spite of the temptation to nurse the sprain, for if the injured joint will bear the weight at all it is not so badly injured but that the massage of walking with a tight support about the joint will be good for it.

Sometimes a person with a sprained ankle can get up and walk with surprising comfort as soon as the doctor has thoroughly strapped the foot and ankle with adhesive plaster. In bad cases plaster of Paris may be necessary for a time. In any case, once it is established that there is no fracture, early massage of the part, and early and persistent use of it will insure the most rapid recovery.

As for liniments, they are useless, except for the massage with which they are applied.

Heat or cold, firm support by bandaging or strapping and by a tightly laced high shoe, with frequent massage and continual efforts to use the sprained part, that constitutes the most effective treatment of sprain.

### RUB IT THE RIGHT WAY

In massaging a sprained ankle you must apply artful technique. It won't do to just rub it—your patient will call you bad names if you try that. Begin with very light strokes of the fingers upward from the calf toward the knee. Gradu-

ally go lower and lower each time, but only barely grazing the skin, till you reach and include the ankle in each upward stroke. Then in the course of several minutes gradually increase the pressure and use the whole hand in each stroke, until ultimately you are rubbing quite firmly. This whole process may be repeated with great advantage three or four times a day, and each massage should occupy ten to fifteen minutes.

### FOR OBSTINATE CASES

Besides support and massage, in obstinate cases of sprain which do not recover in a reasonable time—say a week—it is an excellent thing to use alternate hot and cold applications for five or ten minutes preceding each massage. A large flannel cloth is wrung out of very cold water and applied for half a minute, then a cloth wrung out of extremely hot water for half a minute, and so on. This has a marked influence upon the absorption of inflammatory material about an injury.

In certain cases of severe sprain or strain it is well to wear a brace or other support for many weeks after the injury, but only on the advice of a physician.

### ISLAND REFUGE FOR BIRDS

A new island has been purchased in Orange Lake, Florida, at a cost of \$250. Boats now owned by the society and used in bird protection work aggregate some \$3,000 in value. A little more than that sum was spent in the egret protection work in the South, and has accomplished results of great value.—*From the Annual Report of the National Association of Audubon Societies.*

## Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol

(Continued from Page 14)

hadn't thought that these letters could be anything but orders. Suppose, instead, they were notices that his models had been shipped back to him.

Barbara and his mother had come down to the shop. He broke the seal of the first letter. A moment later he danced wildly around the shop.

"They want three hundred," he shouted. "Three hundred, Dad!"

They held a glorious celebration. The second letter proved to be an order for two hundred. Five hundred bird houses all told.

"When must you complete delivery?" his father asked.

Don read the letters. "January 1 next for the three hundred," he said, "and January 15th for the two hundred. I can make that easily, can't I, dad?"

"Easily," said his father. Of course Mr. Wall had to be told. Don rushed off breathlessly. Mr. Wall slapped him on the shoulder.

"I told you to keep up your courage. And five hundred won't be all the orders you'll get. There'll be a little dribble of orders for one, or two, or three. You'll make over six hundred before Christmas."

"Will I? Don demanded eagerly. "Then I'll make—"

"Suppose you see what your material will cost," Mr. Wall advised. "Show your letters and they'll give you all the material you want."

So Don took his letters to the lumber office. There a kindly old gentleman read them, and glanced at him two or three

times, and ended by figuring out just how much stuff he'd need. Next Don got his cost.

When he reached home Barbara asked him where he had eaten dinner. He stared blankly.

He said "Crackey," with a laugh. "I forgot all about dinner." And he would not eat until he had figured out his cost per bird house. He would make a profit of twenty-seven cents on each.

"That's \$185.00," he said. "And if I get another hundred orders—Mr. Wall says I ought to—that will make \$27 more, or \$162.00 all told. Wait until I tell Dad."

"You tell Dad later," Barbara ordered. "Eat your dinner."

Don ate. Downstairs in the carpenter shop there wasn't a sound.

"Where's Dad?" he asked. "He's around," said Barbara.

But later, when Don went downstairs, his father wasn't in the shop. As he walked toward the entrance his father entered carrying a paint pot.

"What were you doing, Dad?" Don asked.

"Painting the sign," said his father. Don looked surprised. "Did it need painting so soon?"

"I thought I'd do a little something with it," said his father.

Don produced his figures. "If I had worked in the mill," he said, "I would have got twelve dollars a month the first year or \$144.00. This way I make \$162.00. Suppose we send Beth to school?"

"What school?" his father asked.

"Business school," said Don. "I don't want her waiting on people behind a counter for three dollars a week. Maybe the mill could use a stenographer next fall. Can't we send her, Dad?"

"I guess we can," said his father slowly. "Come out and see the sign."

Don walked out. He thought it strange that his father should be so particular about the sign. And then he saw it:

ROBERT STRONG & SON,  
CARPENTERS AND JOINERS,  
WINDOW SCREENS AND SCREEN DOORS,  
BIRD HOUSES.

"Any boy who can bring in a profit of \$162.00 and build up a screen business is worth a place in the firm," said his father.

They walked back to the shop in silence. For the moment Don couldn't speak. Think what all this meant—time for schooling, time for scout work. Soon, he knew, the troop would be big enough to warrant another assistant scoutmaster. He thought that Alex Davidson would get the post, and he wondered if he would be made patrol leader.

What a lot of changes had come in a year. He and his father were pals, and Barbara—

"That sign isn't complete," he said.

"No?" His father gave him a playful push. "What does it lack?"

"It lacks Barbara's name," Don said stoutly. "Barbara's a member of this firm."

THE END.

# From Dan Beard's Duffel Bag

American Birds First—The First Conservationist

By DANIEL CARTER BEARD

National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America

**Y**OU know, boys, that the National Scout Commissioner had been shouting "America First" long before the cry became popular. And he is still keeping up that shout; but this being the Spring month, he is now shouting for American birds first.

It is a little late to make the cry. Our purple martins have all but disappeared, having been driven from their homes by the noisy, boisterous street gamin known as the English sparrow. Our bluebirds have left us, partly because some years ago our dear mammas, our lovely sisters and our darling sweethearts and wives wanted the beautifully upholstered skins of these poor birds as ornaments for their hats. But they would have survived even the plume-hunters' attacks had not the little English sparrow pre-empted all their nesting places and begun their housekeeping before the bluebirds arrived in the Spring, thus crowding them out and driving them to other quarters.

The robins used to come to the North by the millions and in March they were already hopping around our lawns watching for the unwary angle worm. But now where one hundred robins used to appear there will be only one, or one pair. This is because they are still shooting them down South as game birds!

If the Boy Scouts of America want the American birds they must build bird houses as I teach the boys to build them in my outdoor school in Pike County, and they must erect these bird houses and watch them to see that the sparrows and the English starlings do not pre-empt the nesting place and drive away the native birds.

#### A SCREECH OWL'S VICTORY.

Speaking of the English starling reminds me that just outside my window in Flushing, Long Island, there is a maple tree with a hole in it. The hole is occupied by gray squirrels all winter, but when Spring approaches, the flicker, or yellow hammer takes possession of the hole. These in turn are driven out by the English starling. But there is one little American bird that is more than a match for the English starling and that is our cunning, savage little screech owl. The starlings drove all the other occupants out of the hole in the maple and the two of them were preparing to go to housekeeping, when the screech owl came along, climbing up the trunk of the tree alongside the much coveted hollow, reached in with one of his hooked talons and pulled the starling's head off. Then he calmly ate it and started housekeeping with a full larder. The screech owl is still there and the starlings are giving him a wide berth.

#### THE FIRST CONSERVATIONIST.

A great many scouts have asked why my staff wear the powder horn. That's



a good story. Ten years ago a certain well-known magazine editor asked the National Commissioner what he was trying to do in hammering on this Daniel Boone subject so frequently and continuously. He replied that he did not propose to let up on Daniel Boone until he had started all the writers writing stories about this typical old American Scout, and in fact he would not, as he expressed it, let up on his drive until Daniel Boone was in the Hall of Fame.

And old Daniel Boone IS THERE. He has been placed in the Hall of Fame; all the writers are writing stories about Daniel Boone. Boone's insignia was a powder horn. The gold powder horn worn by the National Scout Commissioner on the sleeve is a copy of the one carried by the old American scout.—America first.

Furthermore Daniel Boone is very appropriate for this Duffel bag because he was the first conservationist. He was the first man who had laws enacted for the preservation of game, at a time when everybody else supposed game was unlimited—the supply so great that it could never be killed off. Yet this old pioneer woodsman and hunter had foresight surpassing that of even the scientists and scholars of his day, and he dreaded the time when the wild things of the wood would be exterminated.

So when you have a celebration in honor of bird-box day, do not forget old Daniel Boone, the first conservationist, nor old Johnny Appleseed, the first orchardist—both Americans.—America first.

#### A NEST RONNER'S EXPERIENCE.

It used to be the custom of some boys to collect birds' eggs. That is why I wrote my book of bugs, birds, and beetles, to give some helpful information on the subject that would really do good, and which would show boys how to save the birds.

I remember a certain boy who was uneducated in this line. Climbing a tree in Pike County, he discovered a bird's nest containing several eggs. With the idea of "collecting" the eggs, he began his descent. The appropriate way to effect this was to put the eggs in his mouth and slide down the tree trunk—carefully, of course. This boy slid down carefully until he struck a rotten limb about ten feet from the ground. The limb gave way to his weight and he dropped the ten feet drop, his teeth coming together in a clutch on the eggs.

Say, boys, the bird was sick that laid those eggs and the Scout's breath smelled like a sulphur spring. It was cruel to laugh but none of us could help it. I don't believe that that boy has robbed a bird's nest since. I think he was then and there converted to a conservationist.

#### DON'T HELP ANIMALS THAT KILL BIRDS.

Never hunt for birds' nests on the ground. Keep away from them. Do not

go near them. Whenever you are out on a hike of this sort, you are leaving a trail behind you and all of the little brownies and gnomes of the wood know that trail and follow it. You visit a nest today, and if by chance you visit it tomorrow you will probably find that the nest has been abandoned by the birds and the eggs broken, all the work of the little night marauders.

The weazel or the fox all unknown to you followed your trail. These little people have learned that where boys go there is generally something good to eat!

Don't give them a chance to do this destructive work—keep away from the birds' nests which are located on the ground. If you want to hunt on the ground, hunt for snakes, newts, or salamanders. They make a fine and interesting collection and you can keep them alive with little difficulty. You can also eat them alive—but I would not advise that.

Yours in Scouting,

*Dan Beard*

## Our Great Word Contest



EVERY hour of every working day in the month which ended February 15th, postmen brought to the office of Boys' Life, papers which boys had written in our great Word Contest in which 44 prizes totalling in value \$100.00 are to be awarded. In the last days of the contest period each delivery brought an enormous number of papers, and when February 15th, the last day, arrived, the mail carriers fairly staggered beneath their burdens. Among those coming on the final day were many which bore special delivery stamps, having been mailed so late that they would not have reached here in time by the usual course.

The big game these contestants have been playing is the game of making words out of the letters in the following phrase: BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA. That it was a fascinating game is indicated by the volume of papers received; and that it attracted the interest of boys everywhere is shown by the fact that these papers have come from every state in the Union.

The judges (the editors of Boys' Life in collaboration with the editors of the New Standard Dictionary) are already at work examining the papers. As all boys readily understand, it is a "whale" of a job and since it has to be done very carefully, in order to be just to every competitor, it will be some time before the awards can be determined.

The names of the prize-winners will be published in Boys' Life as soon as the judges can complete their work. Information cannot be given to any individuals, personally or by letter, before the announcement of the prize-winners appears

# President Greets Scout Council

THE biggest anniversary celebration the Boy Scout Movement ever had! There is no doubt about that. The most important meeting of the week was that held on Anniversary Day, February 8. Promptly at 8:15 o'clock, practically every member of the Boy Scouts of America saluted and repeated the Scout Oath. President Livingstone's inspiring message was then read. It is published on this page.

The Sunday service on February 6 was more widely observed this year than ever before. Thousands of troops went to church in a body to attend services arranged especially in their honor.

One of the biggest moving picture companies included an anniversary feature in their news events. This picture showed a scout passing Madison Square Park in New York City on the evening of February 8. He looked up at the big clock in the Metropolitan tower, noticed that it was 8:15, saluted and repeated the Scout Oath. The boy who posed for the picture was Scout Stephen Davis, of Troop 104, New York City.

During the whole of Anniversary Week, scouts were particularly energetic in the performance of their good turns.

Each year the anniversary celebration becomes of greater importance as scouts and the general public become more familiar with its significance. Scouts this year entered into the plans with whole-hearted enthusiasm and the celebration



Honorable Woodrow Wilson  
President of the United States, Honorary  
President of the Boy Scouts of America

was a great success. Didn't you all think so?

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the National Council of Boy Scouts of America was held in Washington, D. C., on Thursday, February 10, when prominent men from all sections of the country met to consider the problems of the Movement.

A special feature of the meeting was the reception of the National Council members in the White House, by Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States and Honorary President of the Boy Scouts of America. President Wilson has always been an enthusiastic supporter of the boy scouts and his vital interest in the work of the Movement was emphasized by the fact that he took time from his many pressing official duties to lend his support to the National Council meeting. Scout Raymond Scoggs, of Troop 50, Washington, received his Eagle Scout badge from the President's hand.

One of the most interesting features was the presentation of the reports covering the work for the past year. These reports show that during 1915 the Movement made an average increase of 46 per cent in all phases of its activity; that there are 182,622 scouts and scout officials enrolled at National Headquarters, including 38,840 men.

Seems good, doesn't it, scouts, to belong to an organization that grows and grows and grows!

## Anniversary Message of the President of the Boy Scouts

By COLIN H. LIVINGSTONE

(Read at all Anniversary Day Troop Meetings, Tuesday Evening, Feb. 8)

### BROTHER SCOUTS:

YOU are assembled tonight to do honor to the birthday of the greatest organization for boys our country has ever seen—the good old B. S. A.! On this very day on which this message is being read to you, thousands and thousands of our brother scouts, from Maine to California, from Washington to Florida, and even in far-off Alaska, Hawaii, Panama and the Philippines, are meeting to celebrate this great event.

And so I want you to feel that this is not merely a meeting of your own troop, but a great big meeting of all scouts, held in widely scattered places, to be sure, but still one meeting of the great scout brotherhood of boys. This is the one time in the year when every troop assembles at the same time for the same purpose. I want you to think about all these thousands of brother scouts and try to appreciate what it means to have so many friends.

We can all feel proud tonight over the progress our Movement is making. Our enrollment has increased and there has been an increase in every one of the numerous activities in which scouts engage. But the thing we should be most proud of

is the increasing good will of the people of the country towards the organization.

When the Boy Scout Movement was started, as many of you will remember, a great many people thought it was just "another new fad which would soon die out." People don't say that any more. Instead they are saying: "The Boy Scout Movement is one of the most helpful organizations in the country. We can't get along without the Boy Scouts."

Now there is just one reason why this change in sentiment has taken place and that is that you scouts have done your duty. People would not have changed their opinion of Scouting if you boys and your big-hearted, unselfish scoutmasters and other scout officials had not by hard work proved that they were wrong.

I wish every scout who hears this message would ask himself this question: "Have I done my full share during the past year to make my organization helpful and respected?" Or he might ask himself the question, "Have I been a good scout?" These questions are really alike. No, don't answer them aloud. Just see if the answer satisfies *yourself*.

Of course, we haven't done all we might have done to make the Boy Scout Movement a potent force in the lives of the boys of America—no one ever does such an important job to complete perfection.

So we must not feel that we have done so well that we can slow down during the coming year. On the contrary, we should have learned that our biggest work is yet to be done. We are comparatively a new organization and we're only just getting started. We must realize that we have a tremendous opportunity for service and we must take advantage of it with enthusiasm.

Brother scouts, people will expect more of you during the scout year just beginning than they did during the one which has just come to a close, for they know better what scouts are supposed to do. People know all about the Oath you have taken and the laws you have sworn to obey.

I have no fear for the result. I have observed you carefully during the past and I have been proud to see so many demonstrations of the fact that "A scout's honor is to be trusted." As President of the Boy Scouts of America I have every confidence that you will bear the name of "Scout" with honor.

(Signed)

President of the National Council,  
Boy Scouts of America.

# Boy Scout Life-Savers

## Stories of Courage and "Know How"

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

**I**F everybody would be careful, it would not be necessary for scouts to risk their lives to save others. Everybody knows that a human being cannot breathe under water, yet see him.

Sixty yards out, diving from a boat, there were other boys, but they did not every year hundreds of foolhardy persons venture out without a boat, devoured by the fishes, or this story would without a plank, be in another column. All the time an anxious pair of eyes had been watching the youngster. He had gone bathing with a

Rushing into scout, First Class Patrol Leader David Bishop, and David was in his wake the favorite sport instant danger threatened. Just as the of a lot of people, drowner was giving up the ghost the scout It is selfish to the caught him by the left arm, just above last degree, for not the elbow. His right flew around the only do such persons endanger their own lives and happiness, but the lives and happiness of others. They need education—that is weakening. He says he didn't know any-

the most charitable thing at that awful moment except that way of putting it. If they were as young physically as they often seem to be in judgment for he could not dive. He remembers they could be yet the reviving effect of the breath he spanked, but many caught when he came up after what

Down went Bishop after him—feet first, be in judgment for he could not dive. He remembers they could be yet the reviving effect of the breath he spanked, but many caught when he came up after what

He took a good hold and began struggling toward shore.

And then a man named Ryan came swimming up. Everybody should say thanks to that good-natured Irishman and the boys who summoned him. He knew just what to do, and they soon had the lad ashore. The artificial respiration which they immediately applied was effective.

The well-meant attempt to keep the story from reaching the boy's mother was not so successful, for the newspapers got it, and they had to fess up.

A bronze Honor Medal was awarded to Scout Bishop by the National Court of Honor.

**T**HREE is a scoutmaster in Wilmington, Ohio, who is thankful that the Boy Scout Handbook teaches methods for the rescue of drowning persons.

With his scouts he was swimming last August at a place called Snowdens, where the depth of the water is eighteen feet, off the diving board. The scoutmaster wore a bathing cap. As he dove in, the cap slipped over his eyes.

In the water any unusual and unforeseen occurrence may startle and confuse a swimmer, however trivial it may be, and this scoutmaster was soon in serious difficulty. He could not see which way to go when he came up, took in a mouthful of water, strangled and went down.

First Class Scout Willard Henderson, who was fifteen pounds lighter than the scoutmaster, went after him. There were older and stronger swimmers near, but Henderson beat them to it. The scoutmaster, only semi-conscious by the time the scout reached him, grabbed and pushed \*worthy under all conditions.



Scout Honor Medal for Life Saving.

of them are grown men and women. We can, at least, try to teach them, courageously, the better way.

Honest accidents will happen, accidents which could not possibly be foreseen or prevented, but most accidents are the results of carelessness. Most of the persons killed or injured on the railroads are neither employees nor passengers, but trespassers who get on the tracks in spite of warnings.

We honor the courageous scout who does his duty bravely in the face of danger. We honor also the scout who saves life by giving timely warnings to the careless and by teaching first aid. His intelligent foresight may keep his name out of The Life Savers' Department, but it will also keep a lot of names off the tombstones in the cemetery.

"**A** LOOK of terror overcame his face." We smiled at the expression, which seemed to be a boyish grammatical error, then we went back and read it again. We remembered our own experiences in the water.

The expression is correct. Any one who has faced death in the water knows how the heart seems to stop, the cold chills numb the muscles, the scalp tightens as though the hair were trying to stand on end. The look of terror does, literally, overcome the face and only a strong will can keep one from looking and acting like a madman.

The Fall River (Mass.) boy who paddled out into the swift outgoing tide of the Taunton river on July 13, 1915, had reasons for being scared. He could not swim. His face was away from the wharf and he did not know that the tide had carried him from the shallows into the

channel until he put his feet down and him under. Henderson broke away and secured a safe hold.

By this time others were in action. An old raft was pushed off and those on it reached out with a pole, which the scout grasped. Both scoutmaster and scout needed artificial respiration when they were pulled out, but no serious result followed the uncomfortable experience.

The National Court of Honor decided that Scout Henderson had earned the right to wear a bronze Honor Medal.

**I**T has sometimes been said that the fellows who win races are conspicuous by their absence when there is real work to be done. Here is a case which proves that this is not always true.

Scout William Moore, Second Class Patrol Leader of Troop 2, Camden, New Jersey, won a swimming race last Labor Day, and almost before he had time to get his breath, saw another scout get a cramp and go down.

A scout swimming test was in progress and due precautions had been taken to guard those in the water against accident, but there was no time to discuss who would make the rescue. Moore got the jump on the rest of the bunch and, tired as he was, brought in his man.

Artificial respiration was needed and the scout who made the rescue assisted the scoutmaster and another scout in applying it.

Scout Moore has received a bronze Honor Medal.

**A** GIRL and a swing seem just made for each other. Wherever the first is found the other is sure to be. Harmless and entertaining, usually—the swing, we mean—but when it is a single rope, and carries out over the water, look out!

A young lady in Morton, Pa., was swinging such a piece of apparatus on the 19th day of last August. She let go—right exactly at the wrong end. The water where she landed was six feet six inches, the young lady five feet five inches and the difference was one foot one inch. A scout figured this out and divided the danger fifty-fifty.

A most unromantic scout he was. "It seemed as though we were down for a long time," he says. Think of it! With her arms around his neck, too! Usually we tell the girls how fast the moments fly, whether they do or not.

When they came up, the scout rudely thrust the lady from him. He had to do it or be choked to death, so we'll forgive him. She kept her nerve and made it as easy for him as she could. Holding her with one hand, he paddled for dear life with the other and they arrived safely. (Now girls, don't be discouraged. Going into the water with his clothes on naturally dampens a fellow's ardor. He might be entirely different on dry land.)

His name is Edgar Raymond Hauser. You can identify him by a bronze medal bearing a cross, a boy scout emblem and the word "Honor." Interpret the word any way you please—a scout is trust-

## When the Unexpected Happened

(Continued from Page 5)

among the refugees again. Rabbits, mink and foxes scuttled along with them, and the boys had to turn out to keep from treading on some of the smaller animals who could not travel as fast as their bigger woods neighbors. The heat of the fire was left behind and falling sparks no longer bothered them. Their way to the lake was clear.

A few minutes later they reached the knoll upon which their lumber camp was being constructed. Here they paused long enough to permit Bruce and Jiminy to administer first aid to the unconscious Dave Connor. And while the lads were reviving him, others gathered together hatchets, axes, cooking utensils and whatever else they could conveniently carry, and bidding farewell to their doomed camp they made ready for a plunge into the shallows of the lake.

**A**LL that afternoon and a good part of the evening, the scouts stood shoulder deep in the cool waters and watched the landscape burn. Acres and acres of woodland with thousands of dollar's worth of timber was consumed before their eyes. Dave watched it sadly, for he knew that all this ruin had been wrought by him and his careless camping companions.

Every shallow of the lake was crowded with animal life of all kinds, and the lads knew that thousands of forest dwellers must have perished in that inferno. They stood among deer and bears and other more timid forest dwellers, but the fear of man and the natural enmity toward each other was completely blotted out by the greater fear of the fire, and a seeming sense of comradeship born of common danger.

Night came, and the sky was a livid pink. The lake had checked the fire's advance to the eastward and the wind had driven the flames north toward the mountains. Further and further away traveled the flames painting the sky a sinister color and producing a spectacle that the scouts never forgot.

At midnight, though the woods still smoldered, the boys contemplated leaving the shallows in which they had been standing and going ashore, for they argued that if the heat from the embers was not too intense they could work along the margin of the lake until they reached the opposite shore.

But while they were contemplating this, off across the lake they saw lights advancing toward them. They heard shouts, too, and they shouted in answer, and it was not long before they had guided a flotilla of small boats toward them. This proved to be a rescuing party organized and headed by the anxious Mr. Ford and old Dr. Lyman, who were almost distracted until they made doubly certain that every lad was safe and whole of limb and body.

### Remember—When You Drink.

Every person using the bubbling drinking fountain should bear in mind that the object of this sanitary device is to prevent the interchange of mouth secretions and the consequent spread of disease. In using the bubbling fountain the rule should be "Bite the Bubble." The lips should not touch any part of the fountain, and under no condition should the fountain be used for rinsing the mouth or for expectorating.



## We Are Prepared

Within the wide boundaries of our country, embracing more than three million square miles, dwell a hundred million people.

They live in cities, towns, villages, hamlets and remote farms. They are separated by broad rivers, rugged mountains and arid deserts.

The concerted action of this far-flung population is dependent upon a common understanding.

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In its wonderful preparedness to inform its citizens of a national need, the United States stands alone and unequaled. It can command the entire Bell Telephone System, which

completely covers our country with its network of wires.

This marvelous system is the result of keen foresight and persistent effort on the part of telephone specialists, who have endeavored from the first to provide a means of communication embracing our whole country, connecting every state and every community, to its last individual unit.

The Bell System is a distinctly American achievement, made by Americans for Americans, and its like is not to be found in all the world.

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FROM SCOUTMASTER KENNETH W. LEIGHTON, NEW HAVEN, CONN. (ONE DOLLAR PRIZE.)



The Knot-tying Event.  
FROM SCOUT COMMISSIONER C. W. HADDEN  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.  
(ONE DOLLAR PRIZE.)



Fire by Friction.  
BY SCOUT EXECUTIVE C. L. WEAVER,  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. (NOT IN CONTEST)



Is It Boiling?  
FROM SCOUTMASTER DONALD S. STOPHLET,  
KANSAS CITY, MO. (ONE DOLLAR PRIZE.)

## Our Prize Wins on "Scout"

(SUBJECT NEXT MONTH)



"The Finish of the  
Taken from a Bridge  
FROM SCOUT FLERMU  
(FIRST PLACE)



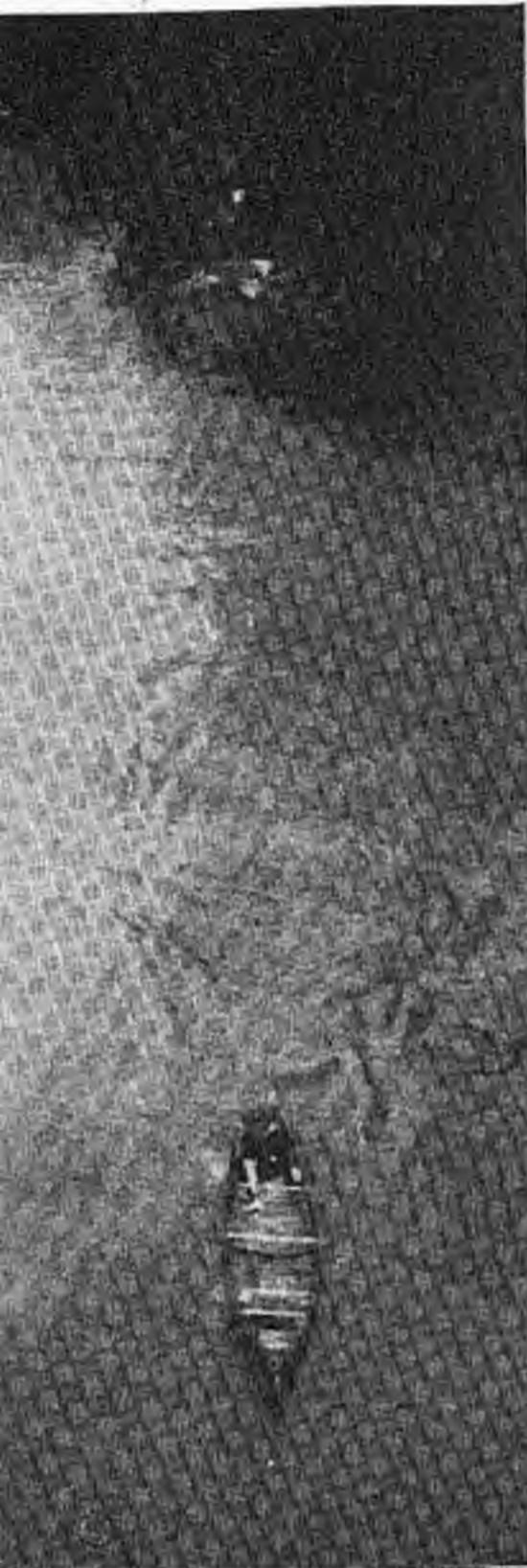
Scout Contests Held in the Stadium of Harvard University by the Boy Scouts of the Greater Boston Council.  
FROM SCOUT E. P. LUPKIN, DORCHESTER, MASS.  
(ONE DOLLAR PRIZE.)



Towing a  
FROM SCOUT CO  
MINN.  
(ONE

# Scouting Pictures Contests"

TH—"PIONEERING.")



e." This Striking Picture Was  
Forty Feet Above the Stream  
NEWTON, JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS.  
(ONE DOLLAR PRIZE.)



"The Badger Pull," a Popular Form of Amusement at Scout Contests.  
FROM SCOUT ANDREW LINDSAY, BRADDOCK, PA.  
(ONE DOLLAR PRIZE.)



"Tilting" at the Philadelphia Scout Rally  
FROM SCOUTMASTER JOHN L. TAYLOR,  
TACONY, PA.  
(ONE DOLLAR PRIZE.)



Axmanship Contest at Philadelphia Rally  
FROM SCOUTMASTER JOHN L. TAYLOR,  
TACONY, PA.  
(ONE DOLLAR PRIZE.)



First Aid Contest.  
FROM SCOUTMASTER DONALD S. STOPFLET,  
KANSAS CITY, MO.  
(ONE DOLLAR PRIZE.)



"The Wheelbarrow Race," One of the Features of a Boy Scout Field Meet and Rally Held In Central Park,  
New York City.  
(NOT IN CONTEST.)

In Life Saving  
test.  
SIONER C. W. HADDEN,  
LIS, MISS.,  
LAR PRIZE)

# Scouts Here and Elsewhere

## Honor Roll and Stories of Interesting Events in Many Lands

### Aid in Stevenson Services

The boy scouts of Saranac Lake, N. Y., had an important part in the ceremonies in connection with the unveiling of the bronze memorial tablet to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson recently.

The author of "Treasure Island" lived in a cottage at Saranac Lake during the year of 1887 and it was there that some of his important literary work was done.



At the unveiling of the tablet, there were present the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, and Mr. and Mrs. Baker at whose cottage Stevenson lived. The photograph shows these three people and Scout David McKee of Troop 1.

The work of the scouts in connection with the ceremonies was in a helpful capacity. They opened gates, directed the visitors, distributed programs, arranged chairs, and when the whole affair was over, rolled up their sleeves and washed the dishes which had been used in serving two hundred people. But the scouts were glad to do this not only as their "good turn" to the people present, but as their tribute to the memory of the man who gave to the world that wonderful story of pirates and adventure that every boy loves.

### All Scouts Should Watch for These Missing Boys

Scouts in all parts of the country are asked to watch for the brother of Scout George Seidler, of New City, N. Y. The missing boy is Carl Seidler, age nineteen, about six feet, two inches tall, weight about one hundred and fifty, face—a German type, and he has black hair. Information concerning him may be sent to his brother at the above address or to Otto H. Miller, Spring Valley, N. Y.

Through a scoutmaster in Bluffton, Ind., Boys' Life has been asked to publish the following notice:—A reward of \$25 is offered for the location of Abner and Russell Wolverton, age fifteen and thirteen years respectively. These boys are of light complexion, having brown hair and blue eyes. They are a little under size for their ages. They left their home in Blackford County, near Hartford City, Ind., in June, 1915, and have not been heard of since. Address information to Archie Wolverton, 826 West Wiley Ave., Bluffton, Ind.

### Report of National Court of Honor for January

#### HONOR MEDALS

David Bishop (bronze), Fall River, Mass.  
William Moore (bronze), Camden, N. J.  
Raymond Hauser (bronze), Morton, Pa.  
Willard Henderson (bronze), Wilmington, O.

#### LETTERS OF COMMENDATION

Ocea Phillips, St. Paul, Minn.  
William Cary, Winslow, Wash.  
Glen McDill, Sparta, Ill.

#### EAGLE SCOUTS

To win the Silver Eagle these First Class Scouts must have qualified for 21 Merit Badges. It is the highest honor given for winning Merit Badges.

John McG. Dickson, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Ralph Winter, Waterbury, Conn.  
Russell Hemmon, Boston, Mass.  
Bayard C. Fausett, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
John R. Lamb, Muskegon, Mich.  
J. Roy Zoeller, Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### LIFE AND STAR SCOUTS

Life Scouts hold Merit Badges in first aid, athletics, life saving, personal health and public health. Star Scouts have five badges in addition to these.

Wilbur Judd, Bridgeport, Conn.  
Lloyd Hopkins, Bridgeport, Conn.  
Robert Mitchell, Indianapolis, Ind.  
Charles Daugherty, Indianapolis, Ind.  
J. C. Warren, Sylvia, Kan.  
John Faulhaber, Passaic, N. J.  
Herbert Underwood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
Jack G. McMeans, Park Ridge, Ill.  
Ralph Winter, Waterbury, Conn.  
Samuel A. Sagar, Passaic, N. J.  
Jorgen Osahson, Woodmere, L. I.  
John C. Keppie, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Walter Davis, Worcester, Mass.  
Walter J. Rollins, Leominster, Mass.

#### LIFE SCOUTS

Herbert Schenck, Memphis, Tenn.  
John Goodenough, Canton, N. Y.

1916 1915  
Total number Merit Badges issued... 975 647

MIAMI, FLA.—Troop 2, while spending Christmas Week in Camp McDonald, their permanent scout camp, were visited by James Whitcomb Riley, the poet. Mr. Riley talked freely with the boys and said,



"I wish I were a boy again, and I would be a scout, too." In the picture Mr. Riley is shown seated in the automobile; those about him are members of the camping party.

### Scouts Around the World



OSAKA, JAPAN—Boys' Life has just received from Mr. Harry D. Cross, National Field Scout Commissioner of the Pacific Coast District, a group of photographs of Japanese scouts taken in Osaka by George Gleason, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in that city.

The photograph reproduced herewith shows a group of Osaka scouts eating their lunch at the end of a hike on a dry river bed. The "eats" seem to be as favorite a feature of scouting in Japan as it is among the boy scouts in this country.

VAN, TURKEY—When four thousand Armenians took refuge in Van, a city on the borderline of Turkey and Russia, the missionaries had to put in some strenuous work getting the refugees fed and housed. Scouts had been organized into a troop some time before and they now had the time of their life, as well as the chance of a life time. They formed a fire patrol, protecting buildings from fire from the shells, kept the premises clean, served as stretcher bearers, reported cases of sickness to the doctors, carried milk and eggs to the babies and the sick, and in addition, organized a messenger service—a sort of flying squadron.

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA—The boy scouts of La Paz, Bolivia, have issued a challenge to the world. Recently the first troop of the Mission School, accompanied by their scoutmaster, accomplished a hike of one hundred and forty-eight miles across the great Altiplano of the Andes to Oruro in four and one-half days. They carried provisions for the journey and sufficient blankets for sleeping out in the intense cold of Andean nights. The altitude averages nearly 14,000 feet, as high as Pike's Peak.

The boy scouts of La Paz wish to know whether their record has ever been beaten considering the distance, time, altitude and peculiarly trying condition of great heat in the middle of the day and even more severe cold at night.

At Oruro, their destination, they were given a great ovation, with a continual shower of "fresco" and fruit along the last few kilometers of the march, which ended with a twelve course banquet and free entertainment at the best hotel. The banquet was notable for the fact that no alcoholic drinks were served. When the Cochabamba Scouts went to Oruro less than a year before the reception committee met them with wine and beer to replenish their canteens.

—World Outlook.

AUSTRALIA—"The Cruise of the Ketch Truculent" is a little booklet issued by the sea scouts of Adelaide, Australia. The narrative is an interesting account of an enjoyable camp cruise as written by one of the "survivors."

WUCHANG, CHINA—St. Nicholas Hall is the home of the scouts in Boone University. There are dormitories for seventy boys, also a music room and a play room. Mr. Wallace Woo is the warden and Mr. Benjamin Yen is the scoutmaster. Mr. Yen has invented a system of signalling in the Chinese language and the scouts now use both English and Chinese in their signalling work.

HOLLAND—There is considerable discussion in Holland at present as to the possibility of making some one day in the year a national boy scout day naming it after a patron saint or some nationally prominent man.



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## A Scout is Helpful



ALLEGHENY, PA.—"During the week of the Allentown Fair," reports Scout Scribe Snyder, "Troop 1 served as ushers and made themselves useful about the fair grounds. Hallowe'en they were given police authority and patrolled the streets. They assisted in a concert given by a local church, receiving much applause for their demonstrations of knot-tying, fire-making, etc. Meat, bread and butter were distributed to about fifty poor people on New Year's Day as a 'good turn.' Plans are being made for a log cabin to be built on land in the mountains, which was donated by a friend. The troop boasts of a drummer and three buglers, and the work is progressing nicely."

LEXINGTON, MISS.—While on a hunting trip, Scouts Francis Dyer and Jack R. Wynn found an opportunity for a "good turn" when they discovered a burning house in which the owner lay stricken with fever. The scouts soon extinguished the blaze.

MASON CITY, IOWA—Troop 1 believes thoroughly in the "good turn" part of scouting. Their first "good turn" to attract public attention was a thorough sanitary survey of the city. Then they made a further study of Willow Creek, a small river running through the city, and protested against the rubbish and filth that was found there. Action was started also by the scouts to save a fine elm tree in one of the parks. Every big rain raises Willow Creek and at one place where there is a sharp bend the bank is being undercut and a sixty-year-old elm was in danger of falling into the creek if something was not done to save it. The boys studied the problem and found a way to straighten the tree.

In the public library there were thousands of books which could not be circulated because they needed rebinding and labeling. The scouts took two-hour turns in the work-room and soon finished up the job.

Residing in this city is Fred G. Whitney, blind from birth but ambitious. He had learned the art of making brooms, but being without means he had no way to begin. The scouts learned of his difficulty and organized a campaign to set him up in business. Funds necessary for opening a broom-making industry have been secured, and the blind boy is to be manager. As soon as he has made enough money to pay off the debt, the property will be deeded to him. Both men and women contributed to this industry, and the citizens of Mason City are delighted with the success of the scouts.

FLORENCE, S. C.—Training of scouts in first aid to the injured was justified in an accident in this city recently. Several of the boys were playing when one fell and broke his arm. A scout member of the party remembered his instructions, got two pieces of lath, the only strip of wood convenient, adjusted the arm, placed the splints and bound them with two pocket handkerchiefs and a half-dozen string ties. The doctor who set the arm later complimented the work and asked who had done it.

FOUNTAIN GREEN, UTAH—Scout Harry Hohman, of Troop 1, is mighty glad he didn't go skating that Sunday afternoon when the boys coaxed so hard. He wanted to stay at home and keep his mother company, for she was all alone. Hardly had the boys disappeared when, glancing from the window, Mrs. Hohman saw flames coming from the top of a buggy in the shed. Some \$1,200 worth of property was stored in that building and Harry, rushing from the house, seized the shafts and soon had the blazing wagon outside. He then got the hose, and the flames were under control in a very short time.

PARIS, TENN.—Six scouts—William Hooten, Robert Farmer, J. P. Lasater, Charles Wilson, Charles Leake and Warren Mitchel—bravely volunteered patches of their own skin to be grafted on the leg of their chum, Travis Freeman. Freeman was injured when he stepped in the path of a lawn mower, which partially severed his foot. The doctors declared the sacrifice of his companions will probably save his foot.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Leslie Burchfield, a scout living in Magnolia Park, was watching some men who were fishing in the bayou. While there a rowboat with two boys in it passed him. One of the boys standing in the boat caused it to capsize. As soon as the boys came to the surface they gave the alarm that neither could swim and Scout Burchfield, jumping in, swam to them. They had disappeared again but when they arose the second time he managed to help them to shore. Had it not been for his assistance the boys might have lost their lives.



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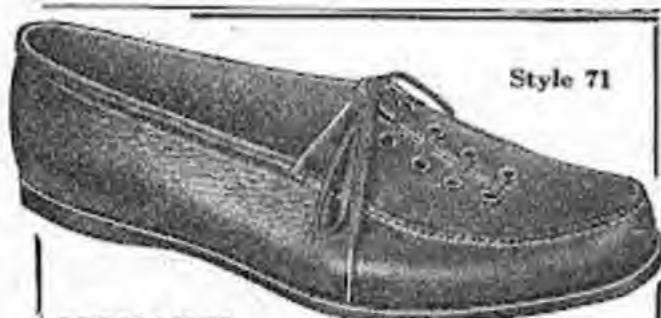
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## With the Scouts Afield

News of Troops In All Parts of the United States



WINCHESTER, VA.—Among the good turns of Troop No. 3 the past year are the following: Distributing baskets of provisions among the needy for the King's Daughters; receiving collections for annual contribution for the Memorial Hospital; distributing flowers to the sick during anniversary week; marching as escorts to the Colonial Dames, and helping to control the crowd at unveiling of General Braddock monument; maintaining Red Cross tent at cemetery on Confederate Memorial Day; distributing ice-water to the crowd and collecting money for needy veterans on same day; establishing free bicycle messenger service and Red Cross booth at Winchester Fair; selling tickets for benefit of S. P. C. A. and selling Red Cross Christmas seals.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—The history of Scout Tom Campbell Davis shows what a boy can do, by pluck and determination, in building up his physique. Davis was born in 1900. For ten years he was so frail that he never enjoyed outdoor sports or fun like other youngsters. Today he can follow a trail, build campfires, and cook beans, eggs, potatoes and meat like a veteran. He has been a member of Troop 1 for some time, and is the troop bugler. Tom has written several monologues and poems, and is something of a burn-cork comedian. Last December he won the *Arkansas Democrat's* turkey-carving contest by a clever poem entitled "How to Carve a Turkey."

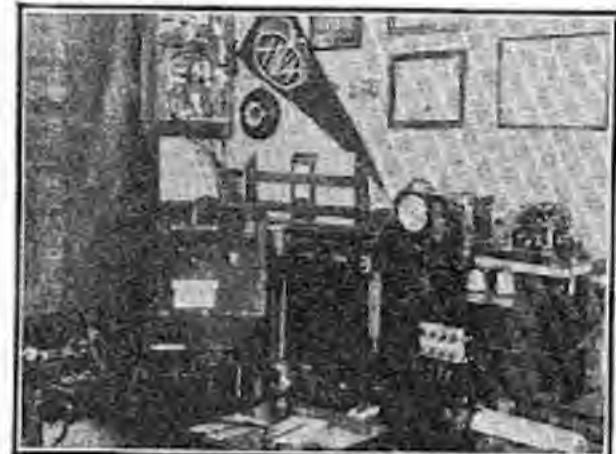
LAKE ODESSA, MICH.—Troop 2 gave a minstrel show and cleared \$100, which is to be used for camping equipment. The Scout Movement in Lake Odessa is gaining in public favor every day, and indications point toward a larger enrollment for the coming year.

ORANGE, N. J.—Features of the past year's work of Troop 2 are: Good discipline, weekly meetings, business and social session monthly. Troop council composed of troop and patrol officers discusses all matters of importance and then submits them to the troop. Special room fitted up with charts—first aid, birds, astronomy—and local maps. Library of 200 books, in charge of troop librarian. Troop surgeon conducts first aid work, giving a talk at least once a month. Sub-organization "Knights of the Triangle," whose object it is to stimulate interest in the daily good turn and impress upon boys the importance of the Scout Oath and Laws. Junior patrol composed of boys between the ages of 11 and 12, who are preparing to become members of the troop. Troop funds raised by selling chocolate. Christmas tree for poor children December 24, moving pictures and phonograph, and a useful gift for everyone. Planning for "safety first rally," at which several hundred scouts from the neighboring towns and cities will be entertained. Director of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey will lecture. Wireless outfit will be installed in a station equipped for day and night signaling. Substations may be established in the hills from one to two miles distant.

FLOYD, VIRGINIA.—Scoutmaster R. Gamble See reports that the scout idea seems to be about as contagious there as measles in a kindergarten. Not only is the number of scouts growing steadily, but there is a whole patrol of near-twelve-year-old boys who are longing for their next birthday to come. Besides this he received a letter from some boys in the village of Willis, about eleven miles away, asking for help in the organization of a troop.

CHARLESTON, ILL.—Troop 1 is full and has a waiting list, also a balance in the treasury. The troop owns several of the books from Every Boy's Library, and is looking forward to purchasing the rest. Many of the scouts are now completing their first class tests. A committee went in the rain recently to help a poor widow who has several small children.

DECHERD, TENN.—Troop 1 is having an inter-patrol contest, using the point system prescribed in the scouts' manual. The patrol winning the largest number of points in three months will receive a bugle. The troop is planning to build a log cabin for its headquarters. The Decherd Reading Club recently presented the scouts with \$16.00 with the understanding that a portion of it should be used for purchasing books.



COVINGTON, KY.—This photograph shows the receiving and transmitting apparatus of the wireless station of Troop 4. The wireless apparatus is operated by Scout Austin Edwards, Senior Patrol Leader. The wireless outfit of this troop is unusually complete and effective. The scoutmaster is Mr. Nelson J. Edwards.

ANADARKO, OKLA.—Here are some of the things which Troop 1 has done during the past year: Conducted a summer encampment at the U. S. Military Post at Fort Sill, Okla. Conducted a clean-up campaign, collecting in one day seventy-two cubic feet of rubbish. Organized and conducted a very large Fourth of July parade and a celebration with fire works in the evening, handling the crowd without the assistance of the civil authorities. Acted as escort to the G. A. R. on Memorial Day. Carried a victrola to the jail on Christmas Day to give a concert for the prisoners.

EAST SOMERVILLE, MASS.—The members of the East Somerville Troop are the proud possessors of a drum and bugle, earned by securing subscriptions to BOYS' LIFE.

BEATRICK, NEB.—A fourteen-mile hike was made recently by Assistant Scoutmaster H. W. Wright and members of the Buffalo and Wolf patrols. The purpose of this hike was to provide sufficient rabbits for a scout feed.

BOWLING GREEN, OHIO.—The troop took a fifteen-mile hike to Perrysburg and Maumee, and explored the country around old Fort Meigs. During the Wood County Fair in September the scouts acted as guards and messengers and helped with the automobiles.

DENVER, COLO.—Scout Executive Dale reports that for some time his scouts found it difficult to learn to swim for the lack of a suitable place. The public bath was full all of the time, the Y. M. C. A. could not accommodate the scouts, and the Athletic Club was crowded. Finally the scouts found a home in the Elks Club, where they have two expert instructors in charge every Saturday from 2 to 4 P. M. There were only four present at the first class, but this number soon increased to forty. The number of scouts appearing before the Court of Honor for tests has increased from five to seventy-two. The number of tests passed at the last meeting was 165.

DORCHESTER, MASS.—Senior Patrol Leader Hemeon, of Troop 36, has made a remarkably good record as a scout. He is now an Eagle Scout, and has passed twenty-six tests for merit badges. He has brought one full patrol of scouts up to the finals of first-class standard, and has taken three members of a second patrol and brought them up to the standard of second class. With this extra work he is still able to keep up with his work in high school.

GREENOCK, PA.—The first copy of *The Scout*, the paper of Greenock Troop No. 1, shows careful and painstaking work. It is printed on a typewriter and contains a full page of pen-and-ink sketches.

TYRONE, PA.—The Beaver Patrol, Troop 1, has organized a special signal squad. In order to become a member of the squad, a test similar

to that for first class and for the merit badge in signaling must be passed. Troop 1 hopes to hold some interesting signaling competitions with other troops in the near future.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—The second anniversary of Troop 5 of Hoboken was celebrated on January 13 and 14. The program included several addresses, one by Scoutmaster Joseph D. Carstang on "The Year's Work;" the Rev. Herman Bruckner on "The Scout and the Church;" the Cave Scout on "A Mountain-Climbing Experience," and others. The printed program gave the following list of "Doings of Troop 5"; "Clean-up campaigns, baby parades, Stevens' alumni day celebration, helping United Aid Home, assisting other troops, membership campaign for St. Matthews Church, altitude and mileage record with trek-cart."

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—Navigating Officer Pratt of the United States army transport "Kilkpatrick," addressed Troop 1 recently on "Astronomy and Navigation."

EAST GEORGIA, Vt.—The scouts of East Georgia recently held a very successful Father and Sons' Banquet. Scout Commissioner Byron B. Clark, who was a guest of honor, delivered an interesting address to the scouts and fathers.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—A weekly bulletin is being issued by Troop 1. The bulletin, which is mimeographed, contains reports of meetings, hikes, etc., and tells of the ambition of the entire troop to become first class scouts before camp time. Scoutmaster Pershing has also offered a prize of \$5 in gold to the first Life Scout in the troop.

JOPLIN, MO.—In a three months' contest open to all patrols of the city, Troop 3 won four of the ten prizes, as follows: Attendance, Eagle Patrol, first prize, a pennant; Wolf Patrol, third prize, a pennant. First Aid, first prize, a gold medal, to Lonnie Lamb, leader of the Eagle Patrol. Essay on personal and public health, first prize, a gold medal, to Curby Kyker.



Scout Tsu Kwang Kwan

Kwan's fourteen-mile hike, taken to comply with the first class scout requirements. Scout Kwan passed his test with a percentage of ninety. He is popular among the members of his troop and is an enthusiastic, all-around efficient scout.

NOME, ALASKA.—A club room has been donated to Troop 1, but their problem of light and heat was solved through the suggestion in "Don Strong of the Wolf Patrol." Troop 1 will give their labor to the coal company in return for these two big items of their monthly bills.

BAKERSFIELD, CAL.—Two talks were enjoyed by Troop 1 recently. Superior Court Judge Peairs talked on "Scouting, Older in Life," and the County Superintendent of Schools delivered an address in German.

HARRISON, ARK.—A warehouse was donated to Troop 1 for headquarters. The scouts cleaned it up, furnished it and, by bringing their own books, have made a good-sized library.

PARSONS, KANS.—A four-day winter camp on Timber Hill was enjoyed by Troop 2. Plans for the summer include the building of a cabin on this spot. At a Rotary Club banquet this troop exhibited skill in the use of the blanket and in first aid.

MONTPELIER, Vt.—After enjoying a fine supper at the Y. M. C. A., the Eagle and Fox patrols of Troop 1 played two games of basketball. The Eagles were the winners in both games.

FREIGHTON, ILL.—Troop 5 sold calendars for the Y. M. C. A. and used the money to give a party for the boys of the Settlement Home. Games were played, cookies and ice cream were served, and after the party the guests were given as much candy as their pockets would hold.

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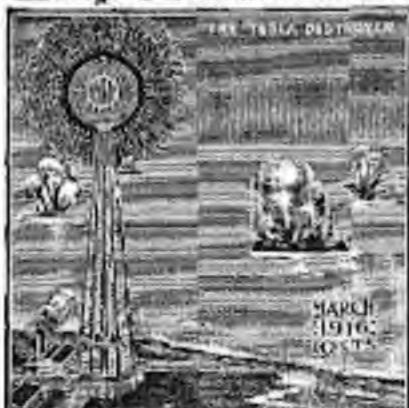
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### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

**S**COUTS do not do things by halves. Neither does Boys' LIFE, the Boy Scouts' Magazine.

Of course, you have noticed that we have not had a regular department devoted to Electricity. That was not because we did not know that boys are interested in the subject; indeed, the letters which come to Boys' LIFE seem to indicate that about nine boys out of every ten are "electricity bugs." By-the-way, that's a fine sort of a "bug" to be. By "bug" we mean, of course, "enthusiastic."

#### WHAT BOYS' LIFE WANTED

Well, for months and months the editors of Boys' LIFE have been looking for a man big enough to provide electricity articles for us that would be as distinctive and as valuable as our stamp articles are in the stamp field.

We required that the electricity information be so clear that the boys who are not enthusiasts now could understand it, and be interested and valuable to the experienced experimenters.

We required also that the articles be practical so our readers would be able to carry out by their own experiments the suggestions given and in that way learn more thoroughly the important principles involved.

Furthermore, we required that they cover the points involved in the examination for the SCOUT MERIT BADGE OF ELECTRICITY.

#### WHAT BOYS' LIFE GOT

Now we have found just the man—Mr. A. Frederick Collins, and his articles will begin in the April Boys' LIFE.

Look at some of the general subjects these articles will cover: How to experiment with electricity; laws of electrical attraction and repulsion; how to make and use electro magnets; electrical magic; electricity around the house; batteries, electric bells and telephones; how to make and use a simple wireless set; how to rescue and restore a person insensible from shock; automobile and motorboat electricity.

Mr. Collins' articles, of course, will cover many other phases of experimenting, but this list gives you a definite idea of some of their general character. And every article will have many graphic illustrations.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT MR. COLLINS

You will be interested to know something about the man who is to lead you in your explorations in this fascinating realm which lies beyond the frontier of the average boy's knowledge.

Mr. Collins has long been known, here and abroad, as an authority on electricity. For several years he has given lectures on electricity for the New York Board of Education. He has contributed electricity articles to the *Encyclopedia Americana*, *International Encyclopedia*, *Cyclopedia of Applied Electricity*, *Encyclopedia of Electrical Engineering*, *New Standard Encyclopedia*, *Nelson's Encyclopedia*, and *Experimental Science*; to scientific periodicals including *Scientific American*, *Electricity*,

### The Electricity Merit Badge

To obtain a merit badge for Electricity, a scout must:

1. Illustrate the experiment by which the laws of electrical attraction and repulsion are shown.

2. Understand the difference between a direct and an alternating current, and show uses to which each is adapted. Give a method of determining which kind flows in a given circuit.

3. Make a simple electro-magnet.

4. Have an elementary knowledge of the construction of simple battery cells, and of the working of electric bells and telephones.

5. Be able to replace fuses and to properly splice, solder, and tape rubber-covered wires.

6. Demonstrate how to rescue a person in contact with a live electrical wire, and have a knowledge of the method of resuscitation of a person insensible from shock.

*Electrical Review*, *Technical World*, *Western Electrician* and the *Engineering Magazine*, and is the author of several books including, "Wireless Telegraphy," "Manual of Wireless Telegraphy," "Design and Construction of Induction Coils," "High Frequency and High Potential Apparatus," "The Book of Wireless," and "The Book of Stars." From the last named book, Mr. Collins' latest, an extract is given in this issue of Boys' LIFE.

Mr. Collins is a Fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society, a member of the Society of Arts, the Authors' Club (London), and the National Geographic Society, and is the Honorary President of the Collins Wireless Society.

You see Boys' LIFE has waited until it could get the very best man of his kind to do the electricity articles for its readers. We know you will be glad of this.

#### DON'T FORGET

Mr. Collins' first article will be published next month.

Let your friends know about this.

## Scouts' Questions Answered



**H. W. S., OHIO.**—Q. Should a scout wear his uniform at a troop meeting or not? If he has to, please state reason.

A. No scout is obliged to purchase a uniform, but it is very desirable to have all the scouts of a troop uniformed, because of the feeling of unity and the good appearance produced. A scoutmaster would be in our opinion quite justified in requiring a scout to wear his uniform to troop meetings when he knows that the boy is provided with one.

**Two BROTHER SCOUTS, NEW JERSEY.**—Q. Can a scout be under twelve years of age?

A. No.

Q. Can a scout be disqualified to enter into membership of another troop for a little mischief with some other scouts without consent of headquarters?

A. A scout can be transferred from one troop to another only with the consent of both scoutmasters.

**L. M. S. D.,**—Q. Is it allowable to have a billiard table in our scout clubroom?

A. There is no rule prohibiting it. Consult your scoutmaster and the members of your troop committee.

**The 1916  
ARROW****Great Bicycle Offer!**

Write for catalog. Wonderful 1916 Arrow—new motorcycle type—shipped **no money down**. Pay small amount each month while you ride. Write for our special, rock-bottom offer. Pink Therm Proof Non-Skid Tires, motorcycle stand; many new features. Send for free catalog.

**ARROW CYCLE CO.**, Dept. 1573 California & 19th St., Chicago, Ill.

**QUARTERBACK****Great New Indoor Football Game!**

Invented by famous football players; endorsed by leading college coaches. Most exciting game you ever saw. Teaches you "inside football"; makes you better football player. Anyone, from grandfather to little chaps, can play. All the thrills of real football. Get Details and List of Other Fascinating Games. Write today. Descriptive circulars and full information gladly sent on request. A post card will do. Address Dept. Q.

**OLYMPIA GAMES CO.**  
126 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Illinois

**The Boy's "Auto!"**  
**Auto-Wheel Coaster**

These Bearings Mean **SPEED**

**AUTO-WHEEL COASTER WAGONS**

are built like automobiles for **SPEED**, sureness and durability.

There are many substitutes; but demand the Original and get the best-looking and best-running wagon on the road; steel axles, roller-bearings, oval spokes. And every part **STRONG**!

You can get the "Boy's Auto." Find out HOW by sending us your hardware dealer's name today.

**BUFFALO SLED COMPANY**  
131 Schenk St. No. Tonawanda, N. Y.  
In Canada: Preston, Ont.

**Leedawi  
COMPASS****A SAFE GUIDE**  
to follow is the one with  
the Leedawi

Ask your dealer for  
the Leedawi—the only Guaranteed Jeweled  
Compass at \$1.00. If he does not have  
them, or will not order for you, remit direct.

Send for free folder C-12, or for book, "The  
Compass, The Sign Post of the World."  
**Taylor Instrument Companies** Rochester,  
N. Y.  
Makers of Scientific Instruments of Superiority

**BANNERS****YALE**

Build up a  
selling agency. Set  
our pennants in your club,  
school or college. Generous discounts  
for quantities. Catalogue Free.

**ARTHUR MFG. CO.**, Box E, Louisville, N. Y.

**Class Pins**  
**RINGS-MEDALS-FOBS**

Any one or two colors desired  
Any initials or date  
Engraving on Rings Free  
CATALOGUE FREE

**C. K. GROUSE CO.**,  
North Attleboro, Mass. Box 819

**Learn Watchwork, Jewelrywork and  
Engraving.** A fine trade commanding a good salary, and your services are always in demand. Address HORLOGICAL Department, Bradley Institute, Peoria, Ill., for our latest catalog.

**SCHOOL INFORMATION and FREE**  
Catalogs of all Boarding Schools (or names) in U. S.  
Expert Advice free. Want for girls or boys? Maintained for all schools. American Schools' Association. Write, 1850 Times Building, New York, or 1550 Madison Temple, Chicago.

Mention BOYS' LIFE in answering advertisements

**B. S. M., COLUMBUS, O.**—Can a boy who has passed part of his second class requirements have credit for them if he removes to another town and joins another troop there?

**A.** Yes. Providing he presents a proper transfer from his former scoutmaster certifying to the tests which he has passed. Transfer blanks can be secured from National Headquarters at 1c. each.

**C. S., NEW JERSEY.**—Q. How long do you have to have the \$2.00 in the bank after you have received your first class badge?

**A.** The \$2.00 is supposed to be saved, therefore keep it in the savings bank.

**SCOUT B. S. W., D. C.**—Q. Is the scout sign a secret sign and if it is will you kindly tell what it is?

**A.** See the Handbook for Boys, page 27.

**Q.** With a subscription to BOYS' LIFE at \$1.00 can a boy select any of the books in "Every Boy's Library" not exceeding 50 cents?

**A.** Yes.

**Q.** Will you tell me if headquarters has any kind of book on the breast and crawl strokes for swimming and how much such a book costs?

**A.** See Handbook for Boys, page 432.

**SCOUT G. C. L., ILL.**—Q. Can a scout qualify for and receive a badge for more than one branch of tests under Craftsmanship?

**A.** No.

**Q.** Can a second class scout qualify for merit badges?

**A.** No.

**J. L. S., ILL.**—About a year ago I belonged to a troop of scouts in another State, but I left there and I have since wished to purchase some of the equipment so as to try and start a troop here.

I wrote to my former scoutmaster about it but he said that I could not buy these things as I have not registered this year.

What shall I do about this, as some boys here are interested in the Movement?

**A.** The use of official uniforms, badges and equipment is limited to scouts who are registered at present at National Headquarters. National Headquarters will be glad to help you with the organization of your troop, and after it is registered you and the other members will be entitled to purchase official equipment through your scoutmaster. If it is impossible to organize a troop, National Headquarters will be glad to enroll you as a lone scout.

**Q.** What should be done with scouts who have money and will not pay their dues and stay away from scout meetings with no excuse?

**J. I., Orlando, Fla.**

**A.** The real reason for the scout's failure to pay his dues and attend meetings should be determined. Possibly his feelings have been hurt unintentionally by some member of the troop. If after he has been tactfully dealt with he still neglects to pay his dues and attend meetings, he should be dropped and National Headquarters should be notified. Thereafter he would not be entitled to wear the official uniform and badges until he was again a member in good standing of a troop. A plan has been worked out whereby every scout may leave the Movement with honor.

**Q.** I am nearly a first class scout and as I blow a bugle I am thinking of qualifying for a merit badge for bugling and I am writing to you asking you what the customary calls are?

**W. T. S., Leavenworth, Kan.**

**A.** The bugle calls are found in the Boy Scout Diary, price 10c per copy.

**Q.** Does a young man have to pass an examination to become a scoutmaster?

**L. E., Brooklyn.**

**A.** No, but a committee of three representative men must endorse his application, which must also be endorsed by the local council if there is one in his town. The local council has the authority to require scoutmasters to pass examinations if it wishes to do so.

**Q.** 1. Can a scoutmaster give official merit badge tests?

**A.** 1. Applications for merit badges must be endorsed by the Local Court of Honor, and the examinations must be given by examiners appointed by this Court of Honor. The Local Court of Honor must certify to the National Court of Honor that the applicant for the badge personally appeared before it, at a regular meeting, with at least three members present, and demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Court that he had complied with all of the requirements as set forth in the official handbook. A scoutmaster may be appointed by the Court of Honor as an examiner in any subject in which he is qualified, but it is better to have the examination given by some person other than the scoutmaster of the troop of which the applicant is a member.

**2.** May we use the cooking kit in first class cooking examination or is it wrong to use any utensil in any part of the test?

**R. E. B., Neosho, Mo.**

**A.** 2. A scout should be required to show his ability to prepare a simple meal without any utensil whatever.

**WIRELESS**

Twelve years ago we started to sell Wireless and Electrical Experimental apparatus. Today we are the largest in that business and all because we faithfully have lived up to our trade motto.

**"EVERYTHING FOR THE EXPERIMENTER"**

Send for our big 275-page Electrical Cyclopedic containing 638 illustrations, Treatise on Wireless Telegraphy, complete code chart of Morse, Continental and Navy Codes, besides list of call letters of all the U. S. Ship and Shore wireless stations. This wonderful book sent for 4c in stamps or coin to cover postage only. It's the "Largest Catalog in America," and one book you simply must have.

**THE ELECTRO IMPORTING CO., MFRS.**  
259 Fulton Street NEW YORK CITY

**RETAIL STORES:**  
317M Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
69M West Broadway, New York City.

**ELECTRICITY****COMPLETE WIRELESS \$1.95 RECEIVING SET**

**Receives Hundreds of Miles**

This remarkable receiving station is equipped with a 6 capacity inductance by which you get the long wave stations, such as Sayville, Arlington, Va., Key West, etc.

The outfit consists of a bare wire wound tuner, long wave inductance, 2 cap cat whisker detector and our high pitch buzzer that tells when your detector is working.

Station Complete as described.....\$1.95  
Equipped with 75 ohm Receiver, Nickel Headband and Cord.....2.85  
Send stamp for Catalog "L" of remarkable values

**HANDEL ELECT. CO.**, 138-140 Center St., N. Y.

**NEW WIRELESS WONDER****The Instant Radiograph**

Greatest Invention of the Age. The Result of Years of Experimentation. ABOLISHES DEFECTOR TROUBLES and Adjustments. NO MORE DELAYS — NO MORE LOST TIME AND MESSAGES. NO COST TO OPERATE. Pick up your receivers any time. Summer or Winter, in any atmospheric conditions. You can receive instantly without any adjusting.



**INTRODUCTORY \$3.00**

Price for March  
3000 Miles is latest record. Send for Instant Radiograph folder B. I. Free. You need this book. A complete list of call signals of all public wireless stations.

Price only 50 cents  
**UNIVERSAL WIRELESS COMPANY**  
19 East 32d St., New York

**ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH \$1.00**

**THE TELE-SET**—A remarkable little telegraph outfit that telegraphs two ways for a distance of many hundred feet and more if sufficient wire and batteries are used. The outfit includes instruments for two stations with keys and sounders, Morse Code Chart, Miniature Telegraph Blanks, full instructions and enough wire to start experimenting. Works with any dry cell or door bell battery. Send 4c for catalog. **THE ELECTRO-SET CO.**, Dept. 516, 1874 E. 6th St., Cleveland, O.

**MECCANO**

The Constructional Toy with the Interchangeable Parts—Builds Models That Operate. \$1.00 to \$30.00. Get MECCANO-wise—at all Toy Departments.

Mention BOYS' LIFE in answering advertisements

Copyrighted material

## STAMPS

[No advertisements for this column are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert in stamp matters. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service.]

**DIME SETS** Big Value for Little Money

15 Canada 25 German Empire 20 Japan  
12 Chile 20 Great Britain 10 Luxembourg  
10 Costa Rica 10 Greece 18 Netherlands  
10 Dutch Indies 20 India 10 Peru

Eighty-eight page Catalogue contains list of 280 Dime Sets. Free on request.

Approval Sheets at 50% discount—send for list.

Address Dept. Y.

**SCOTT STAMP & COIN COMPANY**

127 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

**SNAPS**

175 different Foreign Stamps for only 10c. 65 diff. U. S. Stamps, including old issues of 1861 and revenues \$1.00 and \$2.00 values, for only 10c. Our pamphlet which tells "How To Make a Stamp Collection Properly" free with each order. **QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO.**, Room 35, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio

**STAMPS FREE**

75 all diff. for the names of two collectors and 2c postage. 6 Bosnia pictures 1906, 10c.; 20 Sweden, 10c.; 6 Roumania 1906 pictures and heads, 10c.; 20 diff. Foreign coins, 20c.; large U. S. cent, 2c. Lists free. We buy stamps and coins. Buying list 10c.

**TOLEDO STAMP CO.**, Toledo, Ohio. U. S. A.

**ALL for 10c OFFER EXTRAORDINARY**

1000 "Cleveland" Hinges, 1 Postage Album, 1 Perf. Gauge, 5 Spanish War Revenues, 10 U. S. Envelopes, Cut Sq. Ins. War Dept. 8 Civil War Revs., 6 N. Y. State Revs. **CROWELL STAMP CO.**, Cleveland, Ohio.

**One of These Stamp Collections FREE**

50 diff. Asia, 50 diff. Sweden, 201 foreign, 101 U. S., 50 Australia, 50 Japan, if you remit 25c for 6 mos. subscription to McKee's Stamp Weekly, 502 East Boston, Mass. Send 10c for 10 weeks and one of these 42 diff. Japan, 100 foreign, 50 U. S. or 1000 postable hinges.

**STAMPS.** 100 all different Transvaal, Serbia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S. 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List free. I buy stamps.

**COINS** For sale—10 diff. Coins, Tokens or Bills .25; Eagle st. 2c. or 3c. ps. each .7; Roman or Greek copper, ancient .7; 10 diff. real gems .35; 5 diff. Indian warpath, or ancient beads .15; Babylonian inscribed tablet 4300 yrs. old .75; Widow's Mite, Before Christ .50; Imported New Testament 400pp. 2-3 also postage stamp, fine .50; smallest bible, 725 pages, 1 1/4 inch long, fine .00; Buying list .0. Retail lists free. **ELDER COIN CO.** Dept. C, 32 East 23rd Street, New York City.

**BIG WAR PACKET**

50 stamps from warring countries, including Germany, surcharged Belgium and Poland. All for 25 cents to those applying for approval sheets.

**FAR WEST STAMP CO.**, Tacoma, Wash.

**ALL FOR 10c** 100 varieties used stamps, 1 packet stamp hinges, 1 pocket stamp album, 1 set Venezuela, 2 varieties, 1 set Ecuador, 2 varieties, 10 varieties unused stamps.

Lake View Stamp Co., 5222 Virginia Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

**A Stamp Album**, A collection of rare incl. Madero, etc., 100-page catalog, perf. gauge and mail scale, coupons, etc., all for 5c. App. sheets 60c to 80c com. Agents Wanted. We Buy Stamps.

**HUSSMAN STAMP CO.**, St. Louis, Mo.

**STAMPS FREE** ONE of these sets 3 diff. Sudan (camel), or 3 diff. Nyassa (giraffe), or 1916 Hungarian War Stamp, or 1 Nyassaland, big price lists, bargain lists. \$2 premium coupon, etc., free for 2c postage. Finest 50% approvals. **W. C. PHILLIPS & CO.**, Glastonbury, Conn., (Dept. F.)

**STAMPS FREE** 75 all different stamps from 2c. Mention this paper. Large album, 15c. If possible send names 2 collectors. We buy stamps.

**QUAKER STAMP CO.**, Toledo, Ohio

**The First Stamps** (See February Boys' Life) I will give the FIRST STAMP of Spain when you ask for 1 and 2c approvals. Give name of Scoutmaster. **C. A. PLOCH**, Scoutmaster, Reid Place, Indianapolis, Ind.

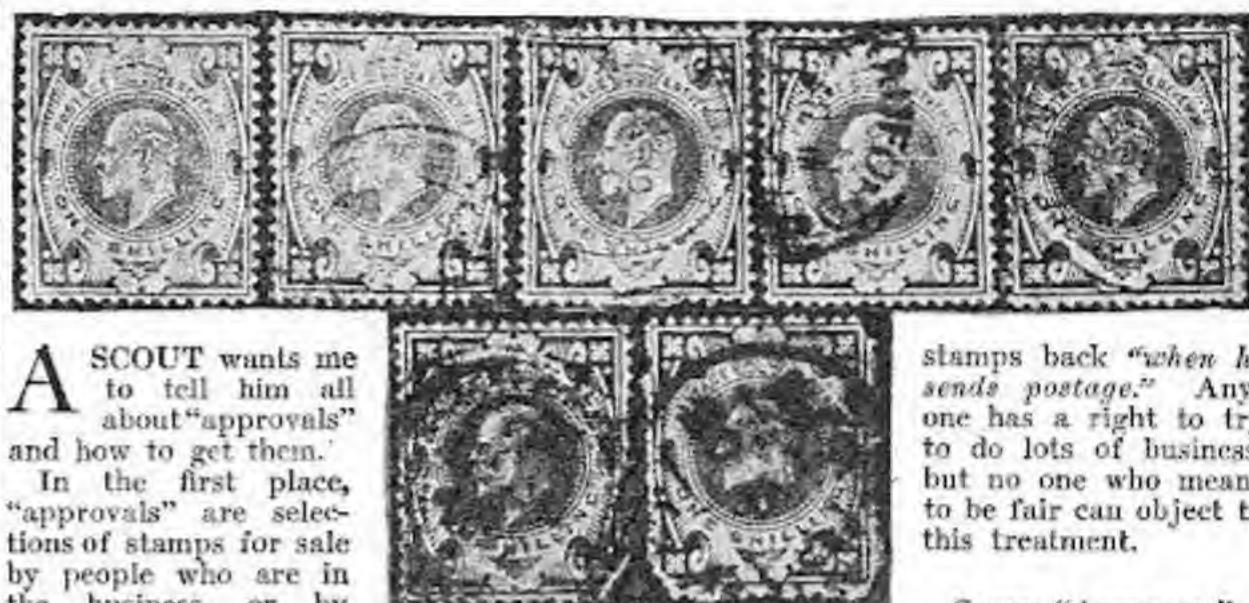
Free 500 Imported Hinges to applicants for 50% approvals. Reference: **R. H. A. GREEN**, 4407 Dover St., CHICAGO.

**VERY GOOD APPROVALS FOR BEGINNERS** R. B. WATT, 635 Park Street, Hackensack, N. J.

(For other stamp ads, see page 38)

# A Stamp Story About "Approvals"

By FRANK L. COES



To help you judge the value of stamps

A SCOUT wants me to tell him all about "approvals" and how to get them.

In the first place, "approvals" are selections of stamps for sale by people who are in the business, or by amateurs who are trying to add to their collections by the sale of duplicates.

"Approval" selections are usually contain. There is a mass of stamp mounted in booklets, or on sheets, and are plunder that can be sold as low as one-tenth of catalog. In this is included all the low values of current issues, and low values of the issues in countries where the currency is finely divided, or where a dollar United States will buy several dollars (face) of stamps; for instance, Brazil in the first case, and Mexico and the Central American republics in the second. Of course such common material has to be priced at a cent, because that is our smallest coin, (or two for a cent), and there is always a discount mentioned. The trouble, however, rises in the beginner not being able to understand that common issues not only have very small value, but that some of them are not worth any price at all.

**How It Is Done**

Most of the people who send out stamps in this way want a reference. Your parent is the best one to give. Other rules seem to vary, but the senders expect to have their property returned, post paid, in a week or ten days.

I don't think I need to emphasize this point, for any scout who gets approval selections will remember to do as he agrees as regards payment, return of parcel, etc.

It has been the endeavor of Boys' Life to get advertisements from reliable people and I think you can be sure of getting fair treatment from anyone who advertises in this magazine. You see writing stamp articles or dealing in stamps isn't my "main line." [Editor's Note: Mr. Coes is the president of a great manufacturing establishment whose products are sold all over the world.] I collect and write about stamps just for fun—and the biggest part of the fun comes from helping boys to enjoy and get the benefits of collecting and understanding stamps. I wouldn't write for a magazine that carried stamp ads which I knew were not "right."

**WHAT TO DO WHEN THEY COME UNASKED**

There is one thing that I seriously object to. Often after a boy has asked for, received and returned a selection of stamps, there comes a second lot which he has not requested. This is wrong.

If such stamps are sent, and you do not want them, or do not at that time want to buy, write a postal to the sender, get your parent to sign it, and tell the sender that you will be glad to send the

stamps back "when he sends postage." Any one has a right to try to do lots of business, but no one who means to be fair can object to this treatment.

**STUDY "APPROVALS" THOUGHTFULLY**

As to what "approvals" are likely to contain. There is a mass of stamp mounted in booklets, or on sheets, and are plunder that can be sold as low as one-tenth of catalog. In this is included all the low values of current issues, and low values of the issues in countries where the currency is finely divided, or where a dollar United States will buy several dollars (face) of stamps; for instance, Brazil in the first case, and Mexico and the Central American republics in the second. Of course such common material has to be priced at a cent, because that is our smallest coin, (or two for a cent), and there is always a discount mentioned. The trouble, however, rises in the beginner not being able to understand that common issues not only have very small value, but that some of them are not worth any price at all.

**WHAT OUR ILLUSTRATIONS SHOW**

To show this more fully, I have made a picture of seven stamps. Six of these have been used, and one is "mint."

Call the upper left stamp No. 1 and read to the right. No. 1 is perfect, has full gum and catalogues \$0.50. (Reference Scott: Great Britain No. 138 Edward 1 shilling carmine and green; unused .50, used .05). No. 2 came off a cover sent to me. It is perfect, lightly cancelled and can be duplicated most anywhere, by careful selection, for a net price of five for ten cents, this being a little less than half catalogue. Numbers 3 and 4 are from approval selections from different people at 50 per cent of catalogue. This is not a bad price, but the condition of the stamps does not warrant it; 3 and 4 would be high at two cents, and ought to be priced not more than a cent each, and then should be used only as "space fillers."

Numbers 5, 6 and 7 were also taken from approval selections, No. 5 being from a 50 per cent selection, and the others from a sheet headed "three for one cent." It is needless to say that stamps in such condition really are worthless, and should not be even considered as possible occupants of a spot on your pages. Neither is perfect, and both are almost illegible from cancelling.

You see there is a wide variation in the

value of "approval" specimens. When you ask for an approval selection and go to the trouble of comparing and selecting, be sure that you are putting your time to good use by insisting on specimens well cancelled, free from folds, tears and paper, and whole.

There are other things to be considered as regards condition, such as even margins all round, correct color (some losing several shades by the cleaning process) full gum, if you are buying "mint" specimens, and if not, a careful inspection to see that some rough owner has not "thinned" the stamp by carelessly peeling hinges by force.

Thumb marks can sometimes be removed by the careful use of "art gum," and color may be somewhat restored by peroxide of hydrogen bathing, but if you use peroxide, be sure to wash well in water afterward, as the stamp will be brittle if the peroxide is not all washed out.

I neglected to say that the "mint" specimen No. 1 can be bought for 25 cents on the shilling, or practically at "face" value, because there are still hundreds of these stamps in sheets held in stock for collectors, and one needs to know only where to go for them.

#### NEW THINGS YOU CAN GET Now

There are a lot of new things that we can pick up if we look carefully. One is the new Canada War Tax which has been changed from the words "War Tax" to a bunch of three letters, "ITC." I am told by a Montreal scout that these are not likely to last long as they are not approved of, and the additional marking is too small to be readily seen in the post offices.

Keep your eyes open for shades of the 10 centime France in red. The "military red" is varying considerably, and the color is interesting because it is supposed to be the identical shade of the trousers of the French soldiery. This color has been abandoned for the trousers on account of the excellent target it made for the Germans; an "invisible blue" has been substituted.

A scout asks about stamps in "mint" condition with the word "Specimen" on them. These are usually made as samples for use by offices of the Postal Union, (U.P.U.) and have no value as postage, but as there have been times when the high values of some colonies have been hard to get, they have become accepted as space fillers. Their value, (outside of some U.S. issues which were also marked "sample"), is whatever one can get for them. I saw some sold recently at one-fifth of unused catalogue price, but this in most cases would be high.

To those who collect South America, I would recommend a careful and immediate filling of the more recent sets of Argentina, Brazil and Venezuela, as they seem to be advancing, and some are already hard to get.

Don't pay fancy prices for provisional issues of Mexico unless you know you are buying the right thing. Some are very valuable and some are just as valueless.

#### INTERESTING TOPIC FOR NEXT TIME

There are many other things that interest you and I have picked out one—and some pictures—for next time.

Meanwhile, I wish still more of you Boys' LIFE boys would tell me about your stamp discoveries.

**Ask Your Dealer For January Erector Tips**

Tells all about my new \$5,000<sup>00</sup> Prize Offer

Boys, here's where I break another world's record! The \$3,000 Prize Offer for the best and most original steel construction models, which closed March 1, 1915, was the biggest ever made by any toy manufacturer.

Now I am making a new offer which is still bigger. This year I offer 500 prizes worth \$5,000. Think of it—200 prizes more than last year at a total cost of \$2,000 more! This new Prize Offer begins March 2, 1916, and ends March 1, 1917.

# ERECTOR

## THE TOY LIKE STRUCTURAL STEEL

The prizes are now divided into two classes. Boys over 12 years of age will compete for one set of 250 prizes. Boys of 12 years and under will compete for another set of 250 prizes.

The first Senior Prize is a Saxon automobile worth \$395; the other 249 Senior Prizes include motorcycles, camping outfits, canoes, hockey skates, magic sets, Erector sets, etc. The first Junior prize is a handsome Shetland Pony valued at \$350; the other 249 Junior Prizes include bicycles, tents, air rifles, flashlights, magic sets, Erector sets, etc.

Remember, you need not buy Erector to enter the Contest. You can build models with any material. But you will like Erector the best because it is the only construction toy with girders like real structural steel—gives the 100 lbs. lifting motor free with most sets—builds the biggest, strongest and most models.

#### Ask Your Dealer Today for January Tips

The January issue of my boys' magazine, "Erector Tips," illustrates and describes the prizes, tells what you must do to compete, etc.

Ask your toy dealer now for a free copy. If he hasn't any, write me (giving dealer's name) and I will mail you a copy without a penny of charge.

A. C. GILBERT, President.

Hello Boys!

Build new  
models and  
win a prize



**THE A. C. GILBERT CO.**  
Formerly The Mysto Mfg. Co.  
128 FOX STREET NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

STAMPS—For other stamp advertisements see page 32

**FREE** 6x9-inch album with spaces for 960 stamps, heavy colored paper covers given free to approval applicants enclosing 2c for postage. Let us send you a selection and see if they are not up to the standard set by Mr. Coes in his article published herein.  
25 different guaranteed genuine Mexican War issues, 50c We hold the largest stock of these stamps in the world.  
GEORGE A. LINN COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio

**FREE** 55 Foreign Stamps to applicants for our 50% approvals. Send reference and 2c stamp. 50 U. S. catalogue value \$1.12, for 10c. 100 Foreign, catalogue value \$1.25, for 10c. One thousand mixed stamps, 25c.  
HOLLY STAMP CO., East Fenske, Mass.

STAMPS, 105, China, &c., stamp dictionary and list \$5,000 bargains 2c. Cata. stps. of world 12c. Agents, 50 per cent. A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A9, Boston, Mass.

Austria 1908, 1 h. to 2 kr., 15 var., 8c.; Hayti 1905, 1 to 5kr., 6 var., 15c.; Soudan 1902, 5 m. 1 et 2 p. not 14c. Approvals 5c, 1, 2c, un. References, please. M. NEEL, 380 Clarkson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**ATTENTION!** Illustrated Stamp Album, over 500 spaces, 250 hinges and 100 varieties, stamps, 5c. WRIGHT, 47 Court St., Boston, Mass.

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If you can't buy the PENNTOKY PERISCOPE in your town send us 17c. for one postpaid or 25c. if you live in the far west or southwest.

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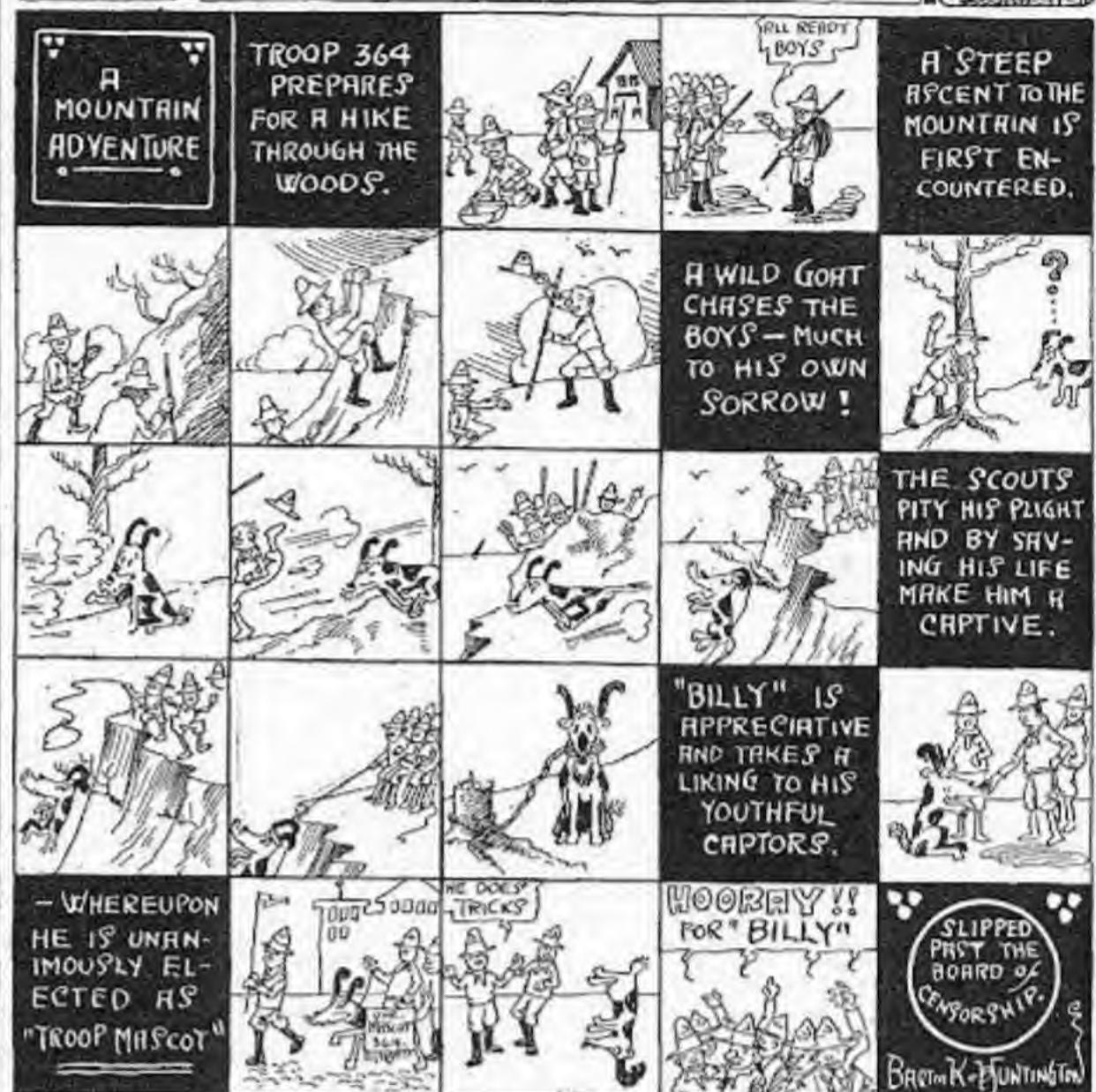
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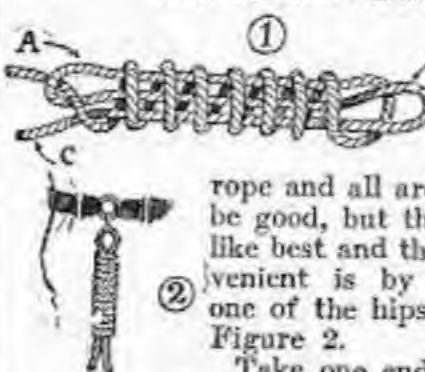
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**A NIGHT WITH THE BOY SCOUTS AT THE MOVIES****Discoveries and Rediscoveries****Things All Scouts Should Know****A NOVEL CAMPFIRE STUNT**

Take an iron kettle and punch a hole in the bottom of it about the size of a half dollar. Fill the kettle full of chips and shavings. Scrape away the ashes and hot coals in your fireplace, or campfire, until there is room to put the kettle in upside down. Then scrape the hot coals and ashes up around the kettle.

In a few moments a match applied to the hole in the kettle will ignite a stream of gas which will give a fairly steady light for an hour or more.—*W. A. Perry, N. Y.*

**How to CARRY A ROPE**

There are many ways of carrying a long piece of

rope and all are supposed to be good, but the way that I like best and think most convenient is by carrying on one of the hips as shown in Figure 2.

Take one end of the rope to be used and fold it as in

**T**HE Editor will be glad to receive from any reader of BOYS' LIFE, suggestions for this department. If you have discovered ways of doing things that you think might save other people time and trouble, let us hear from you. This department offers you a mighty good chance to do a good turn, don't you think? Address all letters to "Scout Discoveries," BOYS' LIFE, THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

making the first part of the "sheep shank."

The fold should be fixed according to the length of the rope. Then take the remaining part and wind it over the folds. When all is wound on leave about six inches and push it through the loop of the fold. First pull tight on A, and then pull tight on B. Then the rope is rolled up to stay and can easily be carried. To undo the rope, pull out on C, and it will come apart.—*Eagle Scout L. Ernest Pickard, Ind.*

**TO REPAIR A LEAK IN A CANOE**

If a canoe has sprung any leaks, they can be fixed with pieces of cheesecloth, well soaked in liquid shellac. These are pasted over the leak. After allowing it to dry, it will be hard to remove. When cloth is dry, paint over with same color as the canoe and the repair can scarcely be seen.—*Jack Fink, Ind.*

## AN EMERGENCY PACK SACK



This pack sack can be made of an old sack and a piece of rope. If rope is used it should be fitted with a pad to protect the shoulders. A loop is made in the center of the strap, as at A, the ends B, being long enough to tie at the bottom corners of the pack. The loop A is more clearly shown at C. At the bottom, the corners are tied as shown at D, after placing a rock inside each. The pack is easily carried on the back as illustrated.—*Earl Miller, Okla.*

## FOR CARRYING FISHHOOKS

The person using a cane pole for fishing can easily provide a place for hooks and sinkers, etc., in the first large joint of the pole. Cut the cane off just above the first large joint, and it will leave a space four or five inches long which can be used for sinkers, hooks, etc. A cork is fitted in the end to hold them in place.—*Jack Fink, Ind.*

## FOR BROILING MEAT

Dig a hole about five or six inches deep, five inches wide and six inches long. Into this put hot coals from another fire, filling up to one or two inches from the top. Trim enough green sticks to keep your meat, or whatever is being cooked, from falling through the sticks lying crosswise and lay your meat on them. It will be well cooked and clean. Illustration shows the position of the sticks.—*Patrol Leader Eil Helton, Ga.*

## HINT FOR HEAD BANDAGE PRACTICE



Here's a tip for tenderfoot scouts, who wish to practice the head bandages, but have not got a boy to do it on.

Take an old hat, fill it full of something pretty solid, tack it to a board, and this will answer the purpose.—*Howard Hahn, N. Y.*

## Scout Finds Mother and Sister

A letter from National Headquarters, addressed to a Michigan scout in October, was returned from the scoutmaster with the information that the scout had disappeared. A month later the scoutmaster wrote that the scout had been found. Evidently he had been following a trail, for he had found his mother and sister, who had been lost to him for several years and he had also discovered a legacy which brought him a considerable sum of money. The scoutmaster adds that he is a "true blue" scout and will take good care of his fortune.



## BOYS! BE LARKINITES!

Any wide-awake, energetic boy can become a member of this new Boys' Organization. Every member will be able to earn things like this Rifle, Desk or Camera or money by working a few hours each week.

Sure, it's a Stevens and you could earn it in an afternoon

## \$100 In Gold Given Away

The opening contest of the Larkinites will be a \$100-in-Gold Contest. Everyone has an equal chance to win and every boy is well paid for the amount of time spent whether you win a prize in the contest or not. You cannot lose—because you always win.

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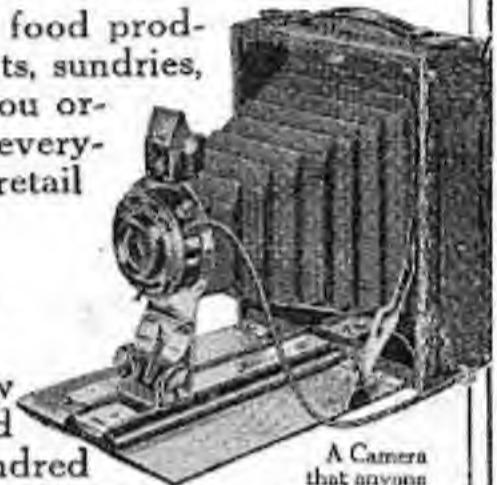
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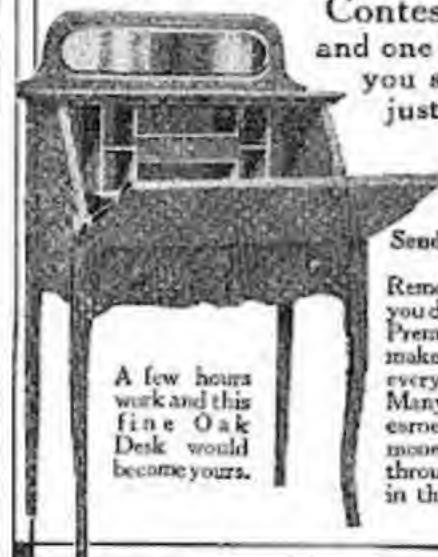


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Many a boy has  
earned the  
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JUV. 1



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canoe club  
or have your  
own canoe

Be sure it's an "Old Town." Then you are ready to enjoy paddling, sailing, camping, fishing and all kinds of water sports, knowing that your "Old Town Canoe" won't leak or absorb water. It is light, graceful and strong. Paddling is the finest kind of muscle builder. Write for full information on organizing canoe clubs. Read our catalog, 4000 "Old Town Canoes" now ready—\$30 up. Easy to buy from dealer or factory.

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Canoeing,  
too!"

Old Town Canoes

## "Swat the Fly"

SCOUTS:—Support this movement. Put some money in the Troop's treasury and make some money for yourself by selling.

### FLY KILLERS FOR SCOUTS

No exposed wires or rough edges.

Bound with red felt.



14 Mesh  
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Red stained  
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Specially constructed for Boy Scouts. Best quality of material and workmanship, insuring maximum durability.

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Scouts can earn during spare time from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per day.

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Any puncture or leak in boat or canoe can be repaired in minutes. It is an valuable to a canoeist as a repair kit to a bicyclist or automobile. It is a Jolmone on-the-spot article that no boatman should be without. It does not dry nor deteriorate in the can, but will be found equally ready for use in ten years.

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BOYS' LIFE  
THE BOY SCOUTS MAGAZINE

# A WORLD' BROTHERHOOD OF BOYS

OVER-LAND AND OVER-SEAS CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

### Any Boy Can Do It This is the Way

Pick out the name of a boy.

Write a letter to him.

Address an envelope with his name and the right postage.

Put your own name and address on the reverse side of the inside envelope.

Don't seal that envelope.

Enclose it in another addressed to the boy, in care of Boys' Life. Mail this to us and we will forward it.

If your letter is to a boy in North America or England, put on a two-cent stamp. If it is to go to any other country abroad, five cents.

all the space we can get this month for names.

Of course, not all of you will be able to conduct such a large correspondence, but the exchange of even four or five letters with boys in distant places will mean a lot to you—in more ways than you suspect.

What was it one boy suggested as a motto for this department? Oh, yes, we remember, it is—**WRITE NOW!**

**Is Your Hobby Here?—Write to the Boy Now**

The following boys have written to Boys' Life saying they would like to have letters from other boys about the subjects they mention:

J. H. Abbott, Ill., with scoutmasters' assistants, Frank Akers, Tenn., fire making without matches; Tennessee Scouts.

F. Frank Appell, N. Y., wireless telegraphy; boys in tropical lands.

Carl R. Barg, Utah, scouting and raising of rabbits.

Clarence Beard, N. H., railroad telegraphy; scout activities.

Charles Bower, Pa., cycling; wireless; worldwide correspondence.

Copeland Bowers, Okla., exchange of stamps.

E. F. Bowley, Mass., cards and pictures depicting American Revolutionary War.

Ralph Brant, Kan., geology; Indian relics; mineralogy.

E. C. Briner, Pa., boys in the West and South.

Randolph Browne, N. Y., photography, drawing, experimenting.

Walter W. Brown, Kan., electricity, stamps, foreign scouts.

C. E. Bryant, N. Y., foreign scouts and patrol leaders about 14 years old.

Gowan Caldwell, N. C., athletics, scouting, wireless, telegraphy.

David Campus, N. Y., camp cooking; hikes; woodcraft; general scout work.

Joseph R. Doe, Tenn., ideas on patrol work; exchange of postcards.

Clifton Churchill, S. D., exchange of stamps with foreign boys.

John Entwhistle, Pa., canoeing; photography; hiking; camping.

Tony Falk, Ark., scout activities.

Ned French, Pa., Indian boy desires letters from Eastern boys.

John Spear Gau, Ill., California boys about natural environs.

Joseph C. Gephart, Pa., stamps; assistant patrol leaders; woodcraft.

# IDEAL TENTS FOR BOY SCOUTS

**Every Scout Should Have One**



Note:—In these Tents Scouts' Staffs are used for poles by tacking leather washer to staff which catches in 1½-inch rings sawed in top of tent. Rings all hand-sawed. See tents rolled up on shoulders of two end Scouts, ready for a hike.

Above cut shows part of Troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of America, Toledo, Ohio, with their No. 1 Army Khaki-Dyed Tents manufactured by us.

No. 1—Scout Tent—4x6 ft., center 3 ft., wall, 1 ft.; 8 oz. U. S. Army Khaki-Dyed, double and twisted filling duck. Complete with Poles, Stakes and Ropes . . . . .	\$4.00
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If poles are not wanted deduct 50%  
Special Prices in lots of twenty-five. Terms net cash in advance unless otherwise arranged. Special Tent Catalogue and Samples furnished free on request.

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(Signed) GEORGE M. PROCTOR,  
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IF YOU have a boy friend in some other city who should be interested in our magazine, send us his name and address and we will send him a copy. Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' Magazine, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## Eat Wheatena

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George Mills, Goodloe, Va., art; painting, etc. Gordon Goodloe, Va., American and foreign scouts. William Goodeave, Jr., Va., kodak pictures with American and foreign boys. George Gridley, N. Y., South America or other lands. Frank Halford, Ind., stamps; picture post cards. William Hall, Wis., swimming; watercraft; patrol leaders. Nick Hamilton, La., hunting; fishing; first aid and signaling. Wayne Inglis, Wis., merit badges; violin music; eagle or star scouts. Charles Neal Jones, Va., foreign and domestic scouts. Lawrence Kaun, Mich., astronomy; grafting of plants; postage stamps. James B. Keller, La., motorboats; aviation; electricity; stamps and coins. Robert Kuykendall, Cal., scout drum and fife corps; poster stamps. Ellsworth H. Leaman, O., patrol leaders; scout activities; also foreign scouts. E. H. LeMasters, Ore., journalism; motion pictures. Irving Levine, N. Y., poster stamps; foreign boys. Mason Lowe, Iowa, scouts in Alaska, Australia and British Columbia. M. R. McCorkle, Jr., Va., radio telegraphy; general electricity. DeArnold McLean, Cal., scout work; post-cards; stamps; photos. Arthur Marshall, Pa., boys near Esther, Mo. Harold May, Mo., scouts in Missouri; patrol leaders; merit badges. McClair Moore, Pa., relics and souvenirs. Raymond Munis, Pa., life of the Western people; Grand Canyon, etc. Lawrence A. Nelson, Neb., motorcycles; camp craft; photography, home-made electric appliances. Abbott H. Nile, Me., scout scribes. Kenneth Parke, Ill., basketball; general athletics. Wallace Parke, Ill., photography; hiking; scout activities. Louis Pierson, Jr., N. D., baseball; basketball; football; tennis; photography. Edmund Platt, Kan., American and foreign boys. Ivan Murrell, Ill., American and foreign boys. William S. O'Brien, N. Y., boys in war zone. Frank A. Parks, Va., American boys; photos of Canada and England; stamps. Milton Pasternak, N. Y., post-cards and curios with foreign boys. Rufus Ayers Pettit, Va., American and foreign scouts. Otto Rosen, Conn., relics of the American Revolutionary War. Robert Royce, Pa., literature; reading; outdoor sports. John F. Sayers, Mass., Irish history; seaweed collecting; dog language. Clarence M. Shunk, Va., electricity; stamps; post-cards. Robert Simpkins, Pa., wireless telegraphy; general electricity. Reginald W. Smith, Va., chemistry; wireless; American and foreign scouts. Hyman Sweedler, N. Y., scouts of all nations; poster stamps. Gerald Tanner, W. Va., coins; books; post-cards; foreign scouts. Ernest W. Tate, Me., woodcraft. Eugene P. Thackery, Okla., boys in Russia, Spain and Alaska. C. Wilford Travis, N. J., scouts in Japan, China, war zone. Victor Walker, Ore., boys in America and Europe. Walter Ware, Pa., boys in Holland. Fred M. Waring, Pa., members of Beaver patrols. Paul Weiss, N. Y., stenography and subjects of practical value. Tom Whitehead, Tex., journalism; scout scribes; foreign scouts; boys whose names are Whitehead. J. Howard Wightman, Pa., bicycle scouts; patrol leaders; boys in Southern states. Walter Wright, Wis., Indians; birds; animals; boys in war zone.

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Three piece cork handled steel rod, nickel-plated multiplying reel; 75 feet hard braided casting line; half dozen snelled hooks, 1 nickel-plated trolling spoon, half dozen assorted flies; sinkers, float—all in neat carrying case, made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack. \$2.50

Split Bamboo rod, with two tips; quadruple multiplying, nickel-plated reel; 75 feet of pure braided silk line; half dozen selected flies; 1 dozen snelled hooks; 2 three-foot double gut leaders; 2 nickel-plated trolling spoons; sinkers and float; all in neat leather bound carrying case. Made to attach to Boy Scout Haversack. (Steel rod if desired in place of split Bamboo) \$5.00

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Instantaneous Nourishing Delicacy

One cup size in powder form.  
Instantly soluble in boiling water.  
Practically both food and drink.  
Most sustaining ration known.

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To Scout Commissioners and Scoutmasters, on request will send a box containing 100 packages, try five of them and if satisfied, send us \$2.25.

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Equipment consists of 20 camps, 3 motor boats, 10 dories, 25 lobster traps, trawls, deep-sea fishing gear and a two-masted schooner, besides the equipment for swimming, shoal fishing and land sports.

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### BOYS OVER SEAS WHO HAVE SENT LETTERS AND WANT MORE

ENGLAND—G. E. Black, H. Ralph Bailey, Cyril J. Beaven, C. Bellamy, Frank Boddy, Frank Edward Brown, H. Cartledge, George William Clarabut, Stanley F. Clarke, Joseph Collins, Walter R. Crosby, Jack Cutforth, Charles Daniels, R. W. Diamond, Frederick N. Dickie, Albert Flay, Norman H. Gibbons, Bert Hughes, Percy Ivesons, J. Mattershaw, F. J. Maylett, E. Newberry, Herbert Newsome, Edward Paice, Cyril William Reeve, N. Shouls (stamps); Joseph F. Smith (athletics; fencing); Albert Sweetnam, William Swift, Noel Tatlersall, Frank Verdon, Henry Wagstaffe, Colin W. Young.

SCOTLAND—David H. Craig, Corporal William Pirie, Harry Raeside, Andrew Young.

IRELAND—J. A. O'Gorman, J. Pringle.

HAWAII—Ezra J. Crane.

NORWAY—Gumar Ziegler.

## An Early Camping Hint

By THE CAVE SCOUT

YOU can't fool me! I know what nine out of ten of you fellows have in the backs of your heads! You're figuring on going camping and every once in a while you take down your calendars and count up the number of weeks that must pass before vacation will give you a chance to hike for the open.

Well, it isn't a bit too early to begin planning for your summer outing. Sometimes we have as much fun figuring out what we are going to do as we have in doing it. So you don't want to miss that part of the game. And here's a good tip—the more carefully you plan things now, the more fun you will have when you hit the trail to the big outdoors.

Camping is a great game—a game of wits and ingenuity and resourcefulness, and patience, and grit and determination. I like camping because it isn't easy.

Do any of you fellows have an idea that a greenhorn with no experience and no knowledge of camping can go out into the woods and have a good time? I'll bet none of you who has ever tried it, thinks that! Camping is no snap; if you do it right you must use your head and your hands and your legs—but mostly your head.



See this ahead?

Did you ever notice what kind of men and boys like to go camping? Just size them up for yourselves and see if they are not the chaps who would handle themselves pretty well in a scrap. Well, camping is a kind of scrap—you must buck up against mosquitos, wind, rain, blisters,

wet wood, and a thousand and one other difficulties, the mere existence of which you never suspect until you go out to "commune with nature."

Some people take one look at a few of these difficulties, get weak in the knees, yell "Good Night!" and make tracks back home to their nice soft beds. Well, let 'em go. They don't know what they're missing!

But let's see how these other fellows, who have a little more starch in their spinal columns, meet such a situation. They say to themselves, "Well, now, here's a fine, healthy looking bunch of troubles, but there must be some way of getting the best of them. Wonder how I can turn the trick?"

When a fellow goes camping with this kind of spirit, he is sure to like it. For nothing can beat the woods for making a fellow work for all he gets. And the things we like most are the things we

have to work the hardest to obtain.

An interesting thing about camping is the fact that after you have tried it a while, you find that many things that seemed to be difficulties in the first place are not real difficulties at all, when you have learned how to use them. You will find that this is true in business, too, and in many other activities of life.

And another interesting thing about camping is the fact that nobody ever learns it all. Men who spend their whole lives in the open, go on discovering new ideas in campcraft and outdoor living to the end of their days. You'll find something new in the open air life every time you try it.

There are lots of helpful tips I could give you on camping, but the most important one is this: Don't think it is so easy to live outdoors that you need not give serious thought to the subject. Start to figure out right now, where you are going, how you are going to get the best of the mosquitos, what kind of grub you will need and how much of it, what kind of a tent you will have and how you will pitch it, and all the other problems you must solve if your outdoor life is going to be comfortable. Don't be too proud to read books on camping—Dan Beard, Roosevelt, Kephart, Edward Cave and other noted outdoor men can give you helpful tips. And there will be enough problems that they don't cover—problems all your own—to challenge your ingenuity and your grit.

Go camping, overcome difficulties, gain confidence, grow!

THE CAVE SCOUT.

### The Air is a Part of the Earth

A balloon is sent up at New York city on an absolutely calm day, remains in the air for one hour, drifting in the moderate currents of the upper air, and descends a few miles from the place from which it was sent up. How is it that the place of descent is not some spot adjacent to Chicago, if the theory of the earth's revolution is correct?

This problem was propounded in a letter to the *Scientific American*, and received this interesting answer.

A. The simple answer to your inquiry is that the air is part of the earth and rotates with it just as the water does. If it did not, there would be a tremendous wind from the east of nearly 1,000 miles an hour at the equator, and about 550 miles in our latitude. This is apparent if you recall the wind which is felt when going swiftly through still air on a car. The air is held upon the earth by gravity and constitutes a part of the revolving globe in a very real sense.

### Trees Dynamited to Stop Fires.

Out in the forest near Mount Baldy, Los Angeles, California, a fierce forest fire was raging recently. After it had blazed for several days it was brought under control. The next day a fresh wind started the fire again and it threatened destruction to the entire forest. After all other methods had been tried, dynamite was secured. Hundreds of trees were dynamited to make the fire-break, and it was soon put out. *American Forestry*.

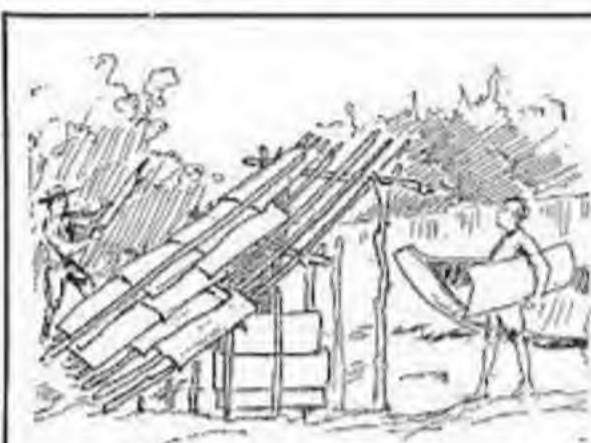
### The Largest Shade Tree.

At Worthington, Ind., there is a sycamore that is forty-four feet six inches in circumference near the ground and 150 feet tall. It is the largest shade tree in the United States.

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## Here's Billy Bookworm



HE INTRODUCES HIMSELF

YOU see our Scoutmaster often visits National Headquarters and when he heard them talk about getting a boy to review books for Boys' LIFE, he said, "I have the boy—he is Billy Bookworm, at least, that's what the scouts call him."

Of course, when I was asked about it I felt a whole lot pleased, and there's no use telling you now that I fell for the idea, not only because I like to do it but also because I thought the laugh would be on those fellows who had called me "Billy Hookworm." I don't mind Billy Bookworm but that other name didn't sound good to me after the teacher described just what kind of a worm that was.

When I went over to see the Chief Scout Librarian, he asked me a lot of questions. Wanted to know how many books I had read, and I told him that I had never taken time to count, but I guessed maybe two or three hundred. You see for quite a time now I have been reading a book or two a week. Then he asked me to make a list of what I thought were the twenty-five best books of all the books I had ever read.

I had an awful time making the list. You see I like them all pretty much and it was hard to say which I liked the best. But after a while I decided, and the Chief Scout Librarian has asked me to put it in this article. He said, "Maybe then some other boy will write and tell us what he thinks are the best twenty-five books." I wonder how many of them other scouts and fellows have read the books I put on my list. Here they are:

Robinson Crusoe.....	DeFoe
Treasure Island.....	Stevenson
Men of Iron.....	Pyle
Careers of Danger and Daring.....	Moffett
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.....	Twain
Cadet Days.....	King
Buffalo Bill and the Overland Trail.....	Sabin
The Young Trailers.....	Altsheler
The Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp.....	Burgess
The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill.....	Burton
With the Indians in the Rockies.....	Schultz
Scouting with Daniel Boone.....	Tomlinson
For the Honor of the School.....	Barbour
Danny Fists.....	Camp
Bartley, Freshman Pitcher.....	Heyliger
Baby Etton, Quarterback.....	Quirk
Boy's Life of Edison.....	Meadowcroft
Captains Courageous.....	Kipling
The Wireless Man.....	Collins
Boy's Book of New Inventions.....	Manle
The American Boys' Handy Book.....	Dan Beard
Handbook for Boys.....	Boy Scouts of America
Sanday's Pal.....	Hunting
Camping in the Winter Woods.....	Gregor
Fair Play.....	Williams

"Do you think you can write book reviews for Boys' LIFE every month?" was the next question the Scout Librarian asked me. I just wanted to quit then and there. I don't spend all my off time reading. I like to be out-of-doors all I can, scouting, playing baseball and other

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be sent to separate addresses if requested.

games. It's when I have to stay in that I do my reading. But the librarian told me this would be my rainy day job; that I was to read the books whenever I cared to and then write when it rained. He said that maybe the reviews wouldn't be so dry then. Do you get it? That's a joke!

But I wasn't convinced and told him so. Then he said:

"Oh! I see. You think you will have to read all the books. I forgot to tell you that you are to get the other boys to help you. Of course," said he, "I expect you to read all of the books you can, for you are the Bookworm, but I also want you to pass them around among the other boys of your troop, and other boys you know, and they, too, will write reviews of the books they read. That will make you a kind of editor as well as reviewer. When you write your review each month," he said, "you will give also the other fellows' views of the books."

Well, I couldn't say NO after that, for I don't mind telling you that I am hoping to be a real Editor some day. I got a printing press and print tickets and things like that whenever our troop needs them. I'm also a reporter on our High School paper and maybe some day I will be the Editor and this book reviewing business will all help me.

So I'm on this job until summer time anyway. I'm to have a vacation for a couple of months then, and, providing I make a success of my department, the Chief Scout Librarian says he will let me start again in the fall.

So, brother scouts and fellows, here's hello to you and good-bye, too. Next month I am going to begin my first review. The Librarian says he is going to send me all the new spring books for boys. How would you like to be the Bookworm?

P. S.—Don't forget about sending in that list of the books you like the best. If you can't take time to think them all out, why don't you just check the ones on my list, and send it in?

BILLY BOOKWORM.

#### IN MEMORIAM

SCOUT MARVIN SMITH,  
Troop 1, St. Joseph, Mo.

SCOUT THOMAS H. KICKHAFFER,  
Troop 1, Oshkosh, Wis.

SCOUT DONALD MARTIN,  
Troop 1, San Benito, Texas.

SCOUT WILLIAM WOODHEAD,  
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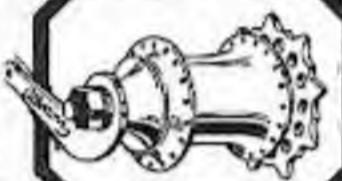
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**"The Quartermaster Says"**

Chats with the Equipment Man

By FREDERICK N. COOKE, JR.

Secretary, Committee on Scout Supplies

If you have been reading what "The Quartermaster Says," you probably have noticed that in nearly every chat he asks scouts to write to him at National Headquarters upon matters concerning their equipment. So far, however, though he has dogged the postman's footsteps every day, the number of letters he received have been all too few.

Does this fact mean that you Scouts have solved all your own equipment problems and so need no help from any one? If so, the Quartermaster wishes more than ever that you would write to him, for he has troubles with scout equipment which cause him to lie awake nights. So if he can't help you, won't you help him?

What are some of his troubles? Well, chief of them is the fear that there may be a scout somewhere, or perhaps many of them, lacking in some articles of equipment and so deprived of the fullest enjoyment and profit from scout activities. The National Committee on Scout Supplies, of which the Quartermaster is Secretary, is charged with the duty of seeing to it that Scouts are able to obtain through the Department of Equipment and Supplies at National Headquarters everything in the way of equipment conveniences which they may require. This committee tries, so far as possible, to think out in advance what scouts need, but you fellows who are doing the scouting are sometimes in a position to give points to the Committee. And that's why the Quartermaster is so anxious to have you write him either about your equipment needs or your discoveries and inventions of useful scout supplies.

Just as an example of how helpful scouts can be to National Headquarters, here is an extract from a letter written to the Quartermaster by Waldo Dunlevy, a Second Class Patrol Leader, of Sheboygan Falls, Wis. After a little introduction, the scout proceeds to business as follows:

First, I propose that you shall have two grades of haversacks. A good and a better grade. The present grade of haversacks are mighty good for the money. But the wear that us fellows gave to them when we were in camp last year made 'em look pretty homely.

Second. That the "cuff" of our Boy Scout stockings have a dyed design. The present stockings simply won't wear out, but they are so plain that when a fellow wears them in "golf style" they look bad.

Third. That a larger line of bugles shall be carried by the department. Please don't think me a hard-hearted critic when I say that I buy all my bugles from a wholesale house because I prefer an "artillery bugle." I like bugle cords, too.

That is the kind of a letter that helps. The Quartermaster has replied, saying that plans are under way for a larger and better haversack than at present, also stating that all kinds of bugles and musical instruments can be supplied by the equipment department though not listed in the catalog, and finally, explaining that while there is at present a scarcity of reliable dye-stuffs owing to the European War the matter of a scout stocking with colored cuffs is under consideration.

Here's hoping that Scout Dunlevy's letter will be followed by many more from other scouts who have suggestions or criticisms to offer.

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## Black Water Dave

(Continued from page 4)

covered with swarms of green flies. And in others they found young that were too weak to stand, that opened their mouths wide in a last appeal for food. It was a pitiable sight even for old Mose, who thought he was hardened to all kinds of suffering. All of these they gathered in the bow of the boat and fed with tadpoles and frogs, and small fishes which they captured in the shallow pools about the edge of the prairie with an improvised net. There were nearly twenty altogether, but finally they were all fed, and all but a few immediately gained in strength. These had starved too long and were past saving.

It was a long day's work, first to collect the young and then to feed them. Mose would have had a hard time concealing his disgust if he had not found joy in counting the healthy nests, each of which he figured would be worth two dollars to him when he returned without Dave. He considered how he might go about in his boat after dark and perhaps knock down the herons with a long pole, and thus save ammunition. The birds were white and could easily be seen on a moonlight night. He would wait until the full of the moon, he decided, before coming again.

Dave spent the evening catching fish for the herons' breakfasts.

"You might as well get used to feeding them," Mose had said, and declined to help him further.

The next morning Dave fed them early, and all but a very few of them appeared strong and healthy once more, and an hour later Mose and Dave had started with their strange cargo on their way back to town.

It wasn't the desire to shield Dave from the mockery of the village rabble that made Mose Scanlon refrain from telling about the incidents of the trip and Dave's "sentiments," as he was pleased to call them. And Dave was too much ashamed of what he had done by shooting the old birds to say very much about it himself. So comparatively few people knew the real reason for the menagerie which Dave brought back with him from the swamp. They thought it just another of his queer notions that he should want to spend all his time catching fish for the young herons he had brought home.

But he had not been feeding them for more than a week before their feathers began to show snowy white, and it made quite a wonderful sight to see them perched all around on the brush inside of the enclosure which Dave had made to keep out the cats, coons and other enemies. And it was still more beautiful to see them all raise their wings, stretch their long necks, and come running gracefully toward him when he approached with a pail of fish in hand. And so when a stranger stepped from the train into the little station at Decatur and began asking about herons, he was immediately sent to Dave.

He came just at feeding time, and the impression which it made upon him was never to be forgotten. He was a kindly gentleman, and Dave felt friendly toward him immediately. He seemed not only interested in the herons but also took quite a fancy to Dave, and little by little drew from him the whole story of his life: his past experiences in the swamp, his desire for an education, and his aspira-



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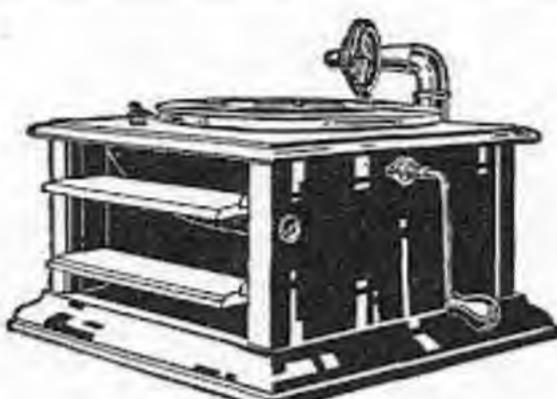
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tions to some day go to a college where he had heard they knew everything, and where he could learn not only all that was written in books, but also the answers to all the questions that had arisen in his own mind concerning the creatures with which he had lived all his life and which he so dearly loved.

And when he had heard, the gentleman told him something of himself, and something of the big world that Dave had never seen, and something of the National Audubon Society and its work for the preservation of the wild birds and animals that Dave loved. In particular, he said that he had come just now on a commission from the Audubon Society to locate colonies of the egrets, which in most parts of the country had been entirely killed off for the millinery trade. Then he told Dave how the Society appointed wardens with good salaries to protect the heronries, and he asked Dave if he would accept such a position to protect the Great Cypress heronry, showing him how it would permit him to go on with his education during the fall and winter months, when the herons do not have the ornamental plumes for which they are shot. It might even allow him finally to go to college, if he so much desired.

One thing he said was all important: they must act immediately. Others now probably knew of the heronry, and he mentioned Scanlon in particular, and would do their best to shoot the birds before they could get the Audubon Society to act. And so, if Dave would accept the position as warden, he would go immediately to the telegraph office and wire to the home office in New York.

Would he accept it? It did not take him long to make up his mind. Five hundred dollars a year for protecting the best companions of his life! It looked like a tremendous sum to him. He felt that were he given the power, he would gladly do it for nothing.

"It is a position not without danger," continued the agent. "Some of our wardens have met their death defending these heronries against desperate characters, who feel that they have a right to shoot wherever they desire, and the government has no right to protect." But Dave, as usual, laughed at danger, and with a look that meant more than any number of words, said that he would be glad to accept the position.

By return wire Dave received his appointment and immediately assumed his duties. He began by posting signs all about the outskirts of the big swamp; signs that stated that it was an Audubon bird and game refuge; that all hunting was prohibited, and that all offenses would be punished by fine and imprisonment.

Imagine, therefore, if you can, the disgust with which Mose Scanlon read the signs. The next week would bring on the full of the moon, and it was then that he had planned to go again by himself into the heronry and complete the work of destruction. How much greater was his disgust when he learned that the person who was to keep him from doing it was none other than Black Water Dave.

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### The Pirate Pie

(Continued from Page 9)

I talk with my son in the woodshed, I may be able to throw light upon this matter."

It turned out just the way Pa said. He found out about the Black Rovers after he had had me in the woodshed for a few minutes. I had to give the turnovers to Fat. But, anyway, I'll bet he lost a pound or two of hide when his mother scrubbed the blacking off his face and hands, and that's some comfort.

**WHAT HAPPENED THEN?**—Did Fatty Masters' initiation end the Black Rovers? No. "The Raid of the Black Rovers," the title of Mr. Rouse's next story, gives a hint of something big doing. It will appear in a yearly number of BOY'S LIFE.

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On Daniel Boone's Trail.

companying pictures show two members of Troop 1 on the stone which marks the beginning of the trail. The photograph was sent to BOY'S LIFE by Scoutmaster Theodore Andrews.

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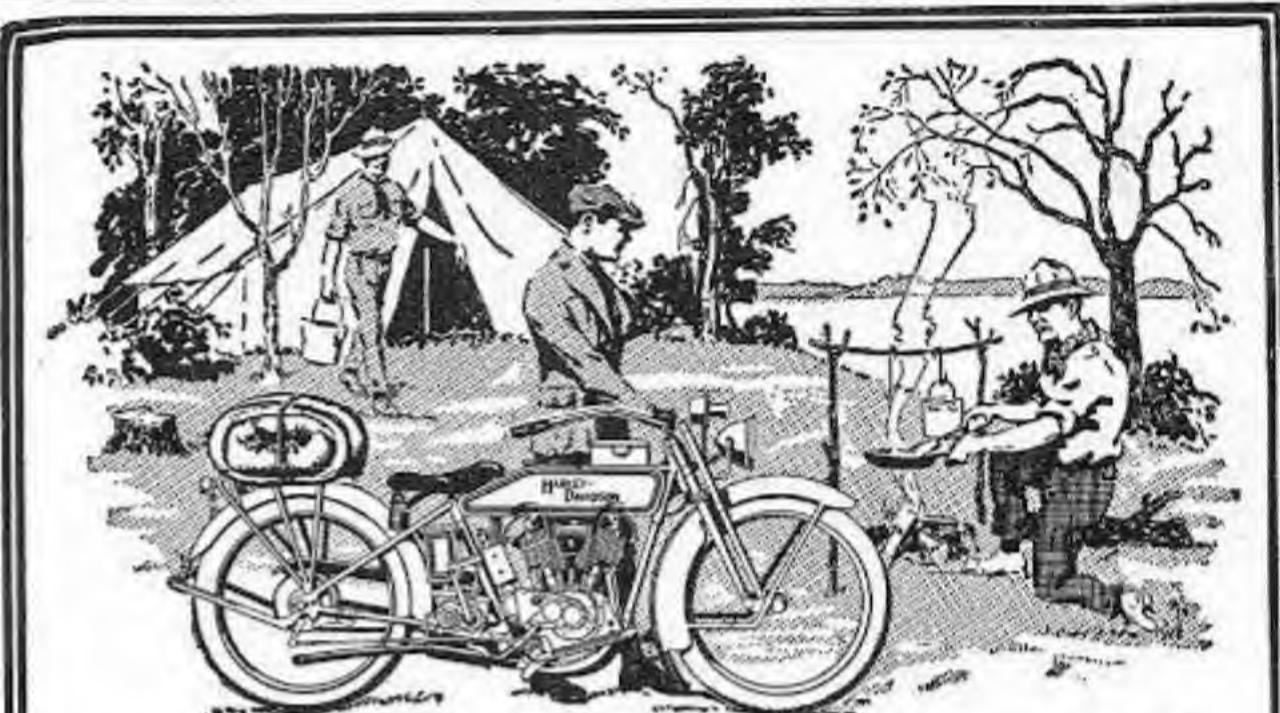
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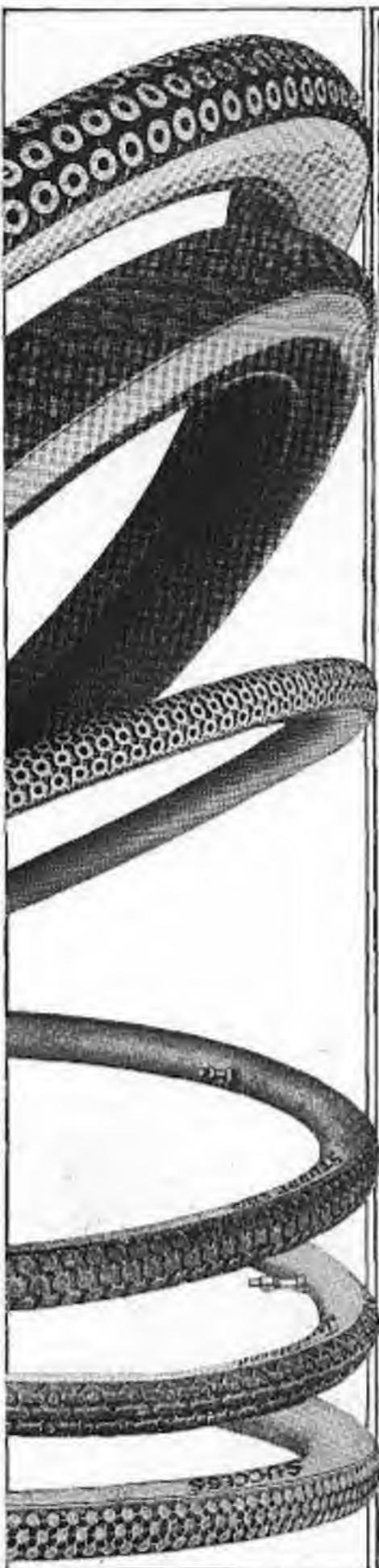
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## The Boy Scout Crusoes

(Continued from Page 7.)

After dinner they stretched out on the blankets to rest for a while, talking and dozing. Karl, however, did not doze, neither did he join in the conversation; but, turning on his side, he stared thoughtfully at the wall of greenery ahead.

Finally he said: "Dr. Cameron, wouldn't you like to see what is beyond that wall of trees? It seems too bad to turn back without a glimpse farther on."

"Suppose we go and see whether it is just a narrow belt or deep forest," answered the scoutmaster, struck by some suggestion in Karl's tone.

"I'm going, too," cried Dick, always ready for adventure. The others decided to remain where they were.

The undergrowth was very dense and the explorers found it necessary to cut their way. Indeed, so thick was the growth that, after advancing a few feet, the Doctor concluded that it was too hard going to waste their strength on. Karl was in advance with the axe; the scoutmaster had just opened his mouth to call him back when the boy, who was pushing his way forward through a thick tangle, suddenly gave a little cry and disappeared from view.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### Rocky River.

AS Dr. Cameron sprang forward he heard a cry from Dick, a little distance to the left. Reaching the place where Karl had vanished he saw a surprising sight, and at the same time just saved himself from sliding down a steep precipice.

He stood on the edge of a deep ravine. At the bottom, through ferns and bushes water gleamed. Part way down at his left was Dick, one foot resting on a narrow ledge and both hands grasping a stout vine. Karl was nowhere to be seen.

"Don't bother about me," called Dick. "I can climb up. Karl's gone to the bottom."

Turning back, the scoutmaster shouted to the others to come and help Dick, warning them to be careful or they would go over the bank. Then he looked about for a way to descend in search of Karl.

The rocky slope was too steep for trees, but was partly clothed with shrubs, creeping plants and vines. The Doctor had climbed mountains and a steep bank had no terrors for him. Holding on by vines and shrubs and taking advantage of every little ledge and knob he worked his way carefully down.

Reaching the bottom he looked about anxiously. There was no sign of Karl, and the Doctor shouted:

"Karl—Kar-rl!"

The name rang out dully in the thick-wooded ravine. Every boy stood very still, not even breaking a twig, and with bated breath listened eagerly for an answer. None came. With a heart full of anxiety the Doctor began searching through the trees and shrubs that edged the stream. Finally he caught a glimpse of khaki behind a great fern, and, pushing it aside, found the missing boy, white and still, lying on his back close to a big rock over which he had shot in his fall.

Dr. Cameron knelt down and felt of the boy's heart. It was still beating, and there were no outward signs of serious injury. Hastening to the stream he filled his hat with water and dashed it in the

unconscious lad's face. He had to do this a second time before Karl opened his eyes.

"What happened—I fell—" he said, weakly.

"You fell down a steep bank. Are you hurt?"

"I—don't know. Is there a stream there? I thought there might be, beyond the trees."

"There is," answered the Doctor, "and we owe the finding of it to you. Let me help you up."

Karl's left leg was twisted under him, and when he tried to move it he uttered a groan.

"Where does it hurt?" asked the scoutmaster.

"My knee—and my head aches awfully."

"You must have struck your head. Ah, that's the place, is it?" as Karl yelled when the Doctor touched a lump on the side of his head. "Now, let's see about the knee."

The knee was dislocated and had to be pulled back into place. This caused the lad to faint again, but a dash of water revived him. His glasses had been knocked off in the fall, but were found unbroken resting on a fern.

"I wonder I didn't break myself all to pieces," he said when Dr. Cameron had helped him to stand, as he looked up the steep slope down which he had fallen. "I guess I would have been badly smashed if I hadn't landed in that bed of ferns."

A shout from the top of the bank showed that the boys had caught sight of them.

"See if you can find a better place to come down, boys," called the scoutmaster, "but be careful. Karl has hurt his knee, and we'll have to find some way to get him up."

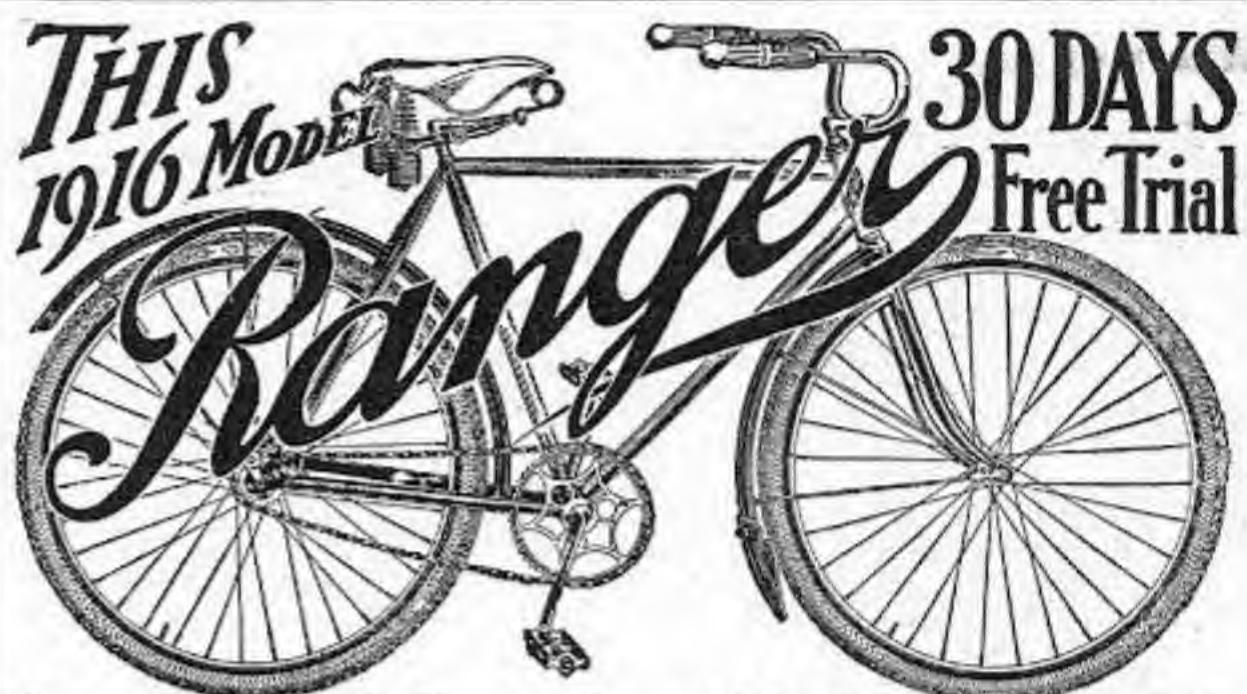
About a hundred feet farther down the ravine the boys found a place where they could descend without much difficulty. They were eager to taste the water of the little stream, and would have drunk more than they should if the Doctor had not stopped them. They bathed their heads, faces and arms, revelling in the fresh, fairly cool water.

The stream, which Harold christened "Rocky River," was some twenty feet wide and about five feet deep in the deepest places. It was swift flowing and perfectly clear, so that the bottom, rocky in some places, and covered with sand and pebbles in others, could be plainly seen. The water was without taint of salt. The opposite slope seemed to be nearly as precipitous as the one they had come down, but so covered with vines and creepers as to be almost a solid bank of green.

With Rod helping him on one side and the Doctor on the other, Karl reached the place of ascent very comfortably, but getting up the bank was another matter. He set his teeth and persisted, however, and, pushed, pulled and supported by the others, finally reached the top.

"I don't quite see how I'm going to get back to camp with this blamed knee," he said, after they had made their way through the thicket to the open ground. "You fellows can't ever carry me all that distance. Maybe I can walk it with somebody to help me. I'm willing to try, but it will be awfully slow work. I don't believe I can ever make it before night."

"Getting back to the bay tonight is out of the question," said the scoutmaster. "It is after 3:30 now and even if Karl could do it at all we couldn't possibly make it before dark. Besides it would



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be foolish and dangerous for him to try. We'll have to camp here."

**A**S there was not time to build a cabin Dick suggested that they make a tepee. With a liana and two pegs for a compass he marked off a circle, while the Doctor and Fred cut fifteen long, slender bamboos as near the same size as possible. Three of these were first set up tripod fashion, cutting the circle into equal segments, and bound together about eighteen inches from the top with rattan from the thicket. The rest of the poles were then fastened on in the same way and the frame was complete.

Dick then climbed a palm tree and cut off leaves which were tied on to form the covering, a few holes being left for ventilation. Remembering the night attack recently experienced, and not knowing what might lurk in the thick woods, the boys drove a circle of stakes around their tepee, to which they fastened cross pieces to form a rude fence. Against this they heaped, thorns outward, quantities of a thorny bush that grew plentifully along the ravine edge, making a really formidable defence.

This work was done by the scoutmaster, Fred and the three younger boys, for Karl was unable to do anything, and Roderick was busy making an oven in which to roast the babirussa meat, as it would not keep long uncooked in this warm climate. He dug a hole, a slow task, as his only tools were a scoop of split bamboo, an aluminum cup and plate, and a large jackknife. This hole he lined with flat slabs of rock that he found on the beach at the bottom of the cliff, cementing them together with clay.

He then built a hot fire inside, and when it burned down to coals and ashes and the rocky walls were thoroughly heated, he filled the oven with babirussa meat with a layer of leaves between it and the coals. In the meantime he had thoroughly heated a large slab with which he now covered the hole, scattering a thin layer of dirt above it to keep in the heat. The fire used for cooking supper was made directly over this oven and later the watch fire was built in the same spot.

While Rod was searching for stones for his oven he made an interesting discovery, a beautiful little waterfall where the stream fell over the rocks on its way to the ocean. The height of this fall accounted for the fact that there was no backset of salt water into the stream even at high tide. The plateau Rod estimated to be fully one hundred and fifty feet up from the beach, which was narrow here and evidently covered several feet deep at high tide.

Supper consisted of babirussa meat boiled in a bamboo kettle, cocoanuts, bamboo shoots and plenty of fresh water. After supper the patrol held a council and decided to abandon their former camp and establish one here. There were several reasons for this decision, the most important being plenty of fresh water. Then, too, Dr. Cameron thought the higher ground more healthful and it was certainly cooler, as the sea breezes had a better opportunity to reach them. They decided to leave the cabin standing at Coral Bay, as they had named it, and place a message for Captain Morton in plain sight.

Although Karl insisted upon doing his share of guard duty, his watch was divided between Rod and Dick. Unfortunately the party did not pass a very restful night.

(Continued in April Boys' Life)

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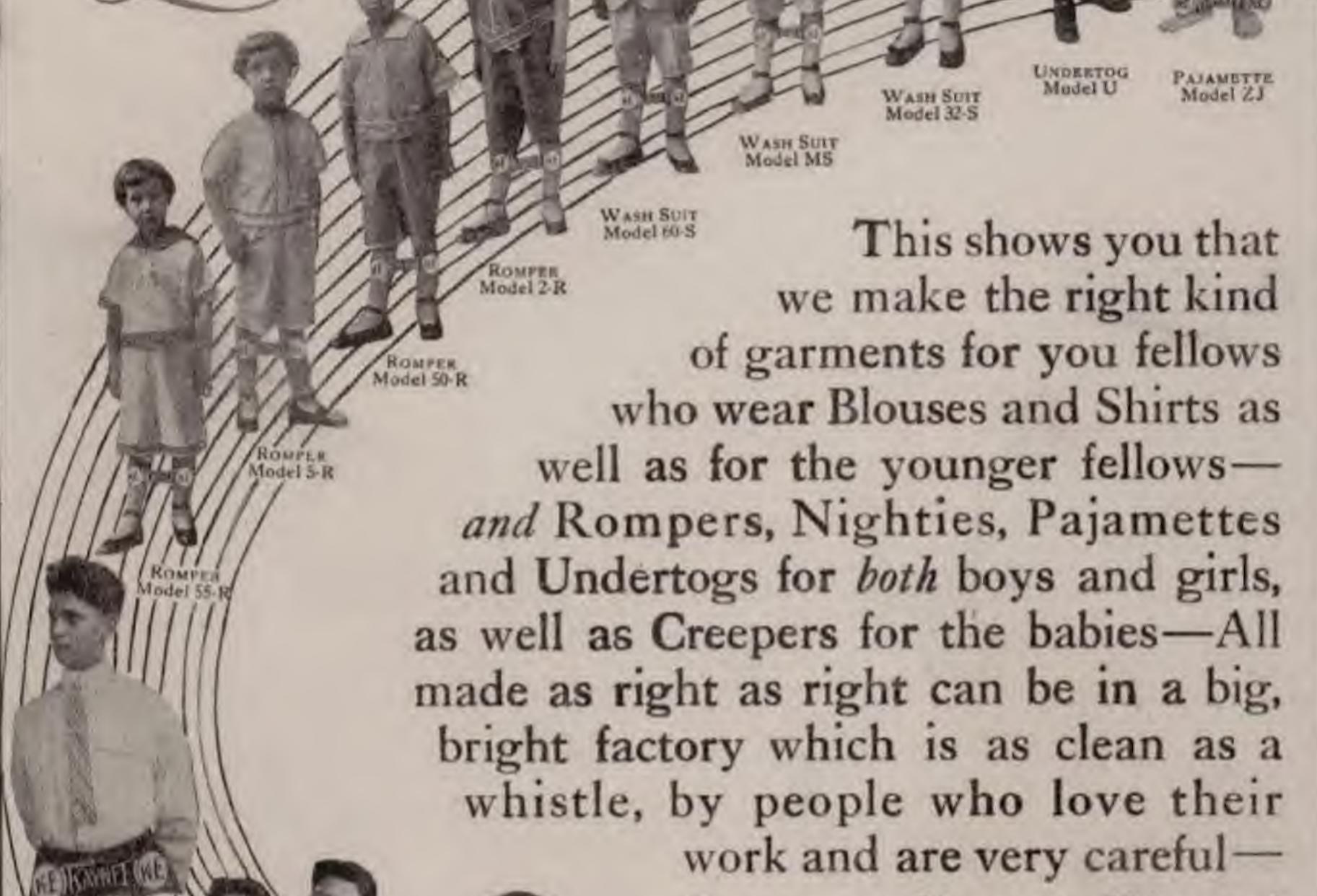
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